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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

JANUARY 1989

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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A Survival Guide from the Soviet Small Zone

by David Gurevich



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Zionism — Is It Racism?

Twelve years ago, the United Nations General Assembly passed by overwhelming vote a Resolution that equated Zionism with racism, something to be condemned by all people and by all nations. It was the highwater mark of public anti-Zionism and anti-Israelism. Does this Resolution have any validity?

What are the facts?

■ Before deciding whether Zionism can be equated with racism, it's important to determine what Zionism really is. It's the philosophy and the movement whose purpose for almost 2000 years has been to restore Zion, the ancient land of Israel to the Jewish people, as its ancestral national homeland. Through centuries of wars, devastation, exile, dispersion and persecution, Zion never ceased to be the heart of Jewish yearning and survival. It was only as Eretz Israel, as Zion, that this land entered into the historical, cultural and spiritual consciousness of the world.

■ Jews have lived in the Holy Land since Biblical times and without interruption. They are the original and the oldest settlers. But it wasn't until late in the last century that this love for Zion found expression in a political movement. It was founded by Theodor Herzl, a totally "emancipated" Austrian Jew, a playwright and journalist. His intellect, vision and energy, his personal magnetism and organizational talents gave expression and action to the age-old Jewish longing for Zion. Modern political Zionism was born. The ingathering of the children of Israel into their ancestral homeland had begun.

■ Sparked by their ancient yearning and by Herzl's vision, tens of thousands of European Jews left for Palestine and transformed it into what Israel is today — a land of verdant fields, lush forests, productive industries and flourishing cities.

■ How about "racism"? It is a defamation of the Jewish faith to link it with this evil concept. It is incompatible with the doctrines of Jewish civilization, enunciated over 3000 years ago in the Holy Bible, in which all mankind is traced to a single human being, created by God in His own image. The two greatest sufferers from the plague of racism have been the Blacks and the Jewish people. It's only today that this cruel yoke

has been lifted from the Blacks. The fate of the Jews, as victims of racism, was even more cruel. Because wherever they lived in the Old World, it was only at the sufferance of their overlords — always subject to living in ghettos, having no access to education, being restricted to few and humiliating occupations, and always victims of persecution, murder, rape, confiscation and exile.

■ The suffering of the Jews as victims of racism reached its terrible climax during the Holocaust of the second World War, perpetrated by the German Nazi machine. The Jews of Europe were liquidated in the most horrible manner imaginable — six million of them altogether. The terms "Holocaust" and "Genocide" had to be coined to express this unprecedented disaster, this bizarre expression of hatred and racism.

■ Racism is totally contrary to Jewish philosophy and Jewish thinking. Jews have been and still are on the forefront of the fight for racial justice in the United States, in South Africa and all over the world. The state of Israel is founded on racial equality. And how could it be otherwise? Close to 60% of the population of Israel are what we would call "non-Caucasians". Can such a state be racist? The question is preposterous and the answer is obvious.

■ Israel has been and continues to be a leader in policies that attest to its "non-racism". It has pioneered a hugely effective development program in 31 Black African countries. Israel has organized similar development programs in such countries as Thailand, Burma, the Philippines and Singapore. It was among the first countries to take in Vietnamese boat people. Israel has absorbed into its society hundreds of thousands of refugees from all over the world and without any reference to their race. Among them are the Black Jews of India, Oriental Jews from all Arab countries, and most recently more than 10,000 Black Ethiopian Jews who were air-lifted to freedom in Israel, in a daring rescue operation.

The disgusting equation that "Zionism = Racism" was foisted on the General Assembly of the United Nations by the Arab nations and by the Soviet bloc. It has no basis in fact. Israel is a multi-racial society in which all races, including the resident Arabs and Druze, are treated equally, are represented in the Knesset (the Israeli Parliament), and hold important official and diplomatic positions. For instance, the Israeli Consul General in Atlanta is an Arab. Racism is totally contrary to the tenets of the Jewish religion and to the unwritten constitution of Israel. How does that compare to Israel's accusers? The Soviet bloc keeps its Jews in bondage by not allowing them to emigrate. The Arabs have for the most part expelled all Jews from their countries and don't even allow Jewish visitors. They were the slave masters of yesteryear and some are reported to practice slavery even today. They are mercilessly exploiting Black Africa and other developing countries by their inflated oil prices. For them to say that Zionism is racism is a travesty and an insult to the intelligence of the world.

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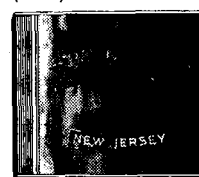
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THE CONTINUING CRISIS



• November was exchanged for December without a hitch, unless one shared the hopes and hallucinations of Governor Michael S. Dukakis, a man wholly macerated by the sauces of New Age Liberalism. Last spring the smart money was on the Democrats. Rumor had it that they were duly booted and spurred for the forthcoming presidential campaign, armed with resolve and suave concepts. No more would they obnubilate national issues by burning incense in honor of their weird demigods and bugaboos. Hence they ran Governor Dukakis of the great state of Massachusetts, home of Daniel Webster and the illustrious Adams family; but it is also the home state of such fruitcake salons as Harvard Law School and the Committee for Responsible Research. Governor Dukakis is a devout pilgrim to such shrines, and so he was mysteriously out of sympathy with the citizenry until in the last few days he aimed at the baser impulses: envy, jealousy, xenophobia.

• He was intelligent. He was indefatigable. But he was every inch the New Age Liberal. In debate and on the campaign trail he demonstrated arrogance but no genuine pride. He had no wit. He had no sense of the country, past or present. He is and always will be possessed of the nanny mentality, the kind of mind consumed with inflicting itself on others. The Governor was the candidate from the National Education Association, and so on November 8 the citizenry preserved itself from more social engineering and onerous taxation by giving Vice President George Herbert Walker Bush 54 percent of the vote and 426 electoral votes to Dukakis's 112, making him the first President ever to have four names. Unfortunately there were not enough Dukakisites to represent the Democrats in the lesser races, most of which were decided on simple pork barrel; and so in the Senate the Democrats' margin grew to 55-45, while in the House of Representatives it was 262 to 173.

• California's morons finally tasted justice when Federal District Judge Robert P. Aguilar struck down a state law limiting voters' time in the voting booth to ten minutes. Asserting that "the 10-minute limit is unreasonable given the size and complexity of today's ballot," the distinguished jurist com-

plained that "a fundamental constitutional right [was] being denied to a large part of the California voting population." How large? About one-third, if the faculty of Stanford University is reflective of the state's voting population. At Stanford it is precisely that proportion of the professoriat that opposes reinstatement of the "F" grade, which was banned from campus in 1969 so that campus morons might dwell more comfortably in their darkness. The dolt third is led by an English professor called Ronald A. Rebholz, a kind of demented Demosthenes who in the Faculty Senate sounds like this: "This is a very, very tricky psychological issue. To recreate [the grade of F] would have a terrible psychological impact on our students." Miss Christina Onassis passed away, and the kangaroo rat was put on the endangered species list of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. In New Orleans, Mr. Edwin "Perdue" Roberts, the world's largest drug dealer, pled guilty to trafficking in cocaine. He weighs more than 700 pounds, but will be allowed to remain free on bond, it being U.S. District Court Judge Patrick E. Carr's judgment that Mr. Roberts is "unlikely to be able to flee."

• Human rights advocates all around the world went on the alert after police in Jacksonville, Florida, shut down a popular car wash named "The Only Nude Car Wash in the Nation." The Commerce Department reported with aplomb that the nation's Index of Leading Economic Indicators fell one-

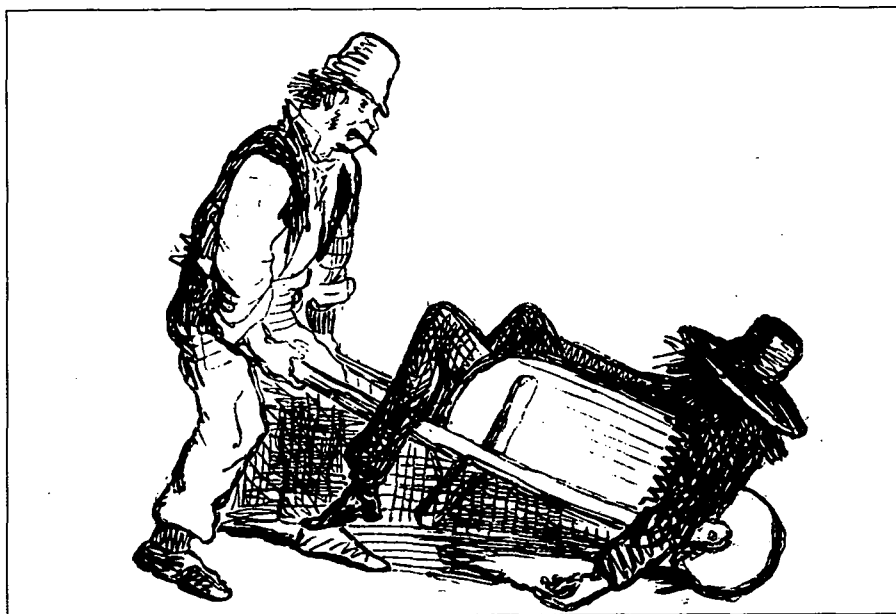
tenth of one percent in September; after all, on September 30 the economy passed through its seventy-second straight month of growth. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher met with Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Rakowski in Poland and later with Mr. Lech Walesa, a more widely known Pole. *Ars gratia artis*—at the half-time revels of the Princeton-Harvard football game, the Princeton marching band formed a likeness of the Princeton tiger that is reported to have been tattooed on Secretary of State George Shultz's spacious arse when he was young and gay and out of work. In Bloomington, Indiana, a disappointed 20-year-old coed reported that a male assailant fell on her during the evening hours, made growling noises, and ran off with her left shoe without ever showing any interest whatsoever in intimacies.

• In New York, the Bridge View Nursing Home was disciplined following an investigation by state health authorities into a depressing blunder that could cost Mr. Dean Scheu, director of the Sinai Chapels funeral home; his mortician's license. Mr. Scheu was summoned last August to the Bridge View Nursing Home to remove the corpse of a 90-year-old woman who had expired the night before. Instead, the klutz removed her perfectly healthy if semicomatose roommate, and might very well have brought her to ruin had not a nursing home attendant discovered the mix-up and notified the funeral home before Mr. Scheu returned to it with his unfortunate client. The seven-

ty-first anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution was observed in Moscow with President Mikhail Gorbachev atop Lenin's tomb. Dr. Andrei D. Sakharov began a two-week tour of the United States on the same day that Miss Grete Waitz won her ninth New York City Marathon.

• Officials in progressive Xinfu, China, surprised students of Chinese medicine by cutting down a 17-year-old pine tree when they discovered that the liquid raining down from it was not a magical restorative capable of reviving health, as local peasants had theretofore believed, but the urine of millions of insects infesting its branches. The country's acupuncturists could be next. An apparent subscriber to the *Nation* turned up in Durban, South Africa, suffering the natural consequences one expects from prolonged exposure to that magazine's pernicious editorial positions. Forty-three-year-old Mrs. Salvia Grimes-Harper, smartly dressed and wearing a small hat, was plucked from a metal container in which she had secreted herself during a three-week voyage from Britain aboard a merchant ship. Asked by authorities why she had stowed away, she replied, "Ask the FBI," and said no more. The Indiana Court of Appeals has struck down yet another citizen's attempt to drive a motor vehicle without vehicle registration or a driver's license because of his religious convictions. Extensive Biblical study in 1986 convinced Mr. Peter W. Terpstra II that his "primary citizenship" was in Heaven and that he need not be licensed by the state under any circumstances. Now the court has held that Mr. Terpstra may not avoid vehicle registration by terming his pickup truck a "religious conveyance" and may be slammed in the hoosegow if he does not shape up.

• Mr. Antal Dorati, the internationally acclaimed conductor and champion of the works of Béla Bartók, died in Switzerland. Former Attorney General John Mitchell died in Washington, eliciting encomia from Republicans and a curious silence from Democrats somewhat suggestive of shame. Miss Erika Schinegger of Austria returned her 1966 World Championship medal for women's downhill skiing after admitting that when she won it she was actually a male. The admission ap-



peared in *Mein Sieg Über Mich (Victory Over Myself)*, Schinegger's absorbing autobiography, wherein it is noted that the poor Schinegger's male paraphernalia developed inside his body and was not discovered until doctors, curious about the high level of male hormones in Schinegger's saliva, decided to investigate. In Garden Grove, California, authorities are growing alarmed by an armed bandit who since mid-August has been knocking off local beauty salons, florists, and yogurt shops, forcing women employees and customers to remove their underwear,

and then watch as the gunman masturbates. He then makes off with the women's unmentionables and their money—rending the once finely woven moral fabric of once-proud Garden Grove.

• In Albany, New York, State Banking Superintendent Jill Considine is attracting unenviable notoriety owing to a top male aide's insistence on wearing women's clothing at work; and there is the possibility that the aide will seek a \$100,000 sexual revision operation, all at state expense. The clinically insane were given firm grounds for asserting

the salubrity of their way of life when the *Guinness Book of World Records* certified Mrs. Carrie White of Palatka, Florida, as the world's oldest human being. Mrs. White has spent 79 of her 114 years in hospitals and mental institutions, and no jogger or vegetarian approaches her colossal longevity. In Dayton, Ohio, the family of Mrs. Ethel Back has called in local hazardous-materials investigators to examine how a mysterious substance is causing her furniture and clothing to decay. And in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Mr. Herb Caen has joined

Mr. Scott Smith, paramour of the late Mr. Harvey Milk, in decrying the Hostess Bakery for introducing a new Twinkie just before the tenth anniversary of Mr. Milk's murder at the hands of a Twinkie-crazed assailant. How much more proof do we need that the country is full of imbeciles, at least among the *soi-disant* educated? One can take a good cab driver and transform him through patient study into a plausible Ph.D. But could one ever take what passes for a good Ph.D. and turn him or her into a good cab driver? Come, come! —RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Virile Members

RET and Mr. Ledeen were quite right in the November issue ["The Continuing Crisis" and "Presswatch"] to direct your readers' attention to the Agence France-Presse story about the penis-shrinker of Abidjan. However, I am afraid that you—and the French press agency—have missed the point of the outbreak of penis-shrinking; fortunately, you have at least one reader (me) who has survived an epidemic of this scourge and can set you straight.

In the mid-1970s, when I was living in Accra, the capital of Ghana, which is just to the east of the Ivory Coast, there was likewise an outbreak of penis-shrinking. It resulted in the deaths of at least a dozen men in Accra.

The deaths came about as follows: someone in a crowded marketplace would scream that his penis had just been shrunk, would point out the man responsible, and the "penis-shrinker" would be set upon by the mob and beaten to death (a fate that is fairly common for thieves in Ghanaian markets).

The Ghanaian newspapers, especially in the early stages of the six-week outbreak, were lurid in their coverage of the shrinking of "virile members," as they delicately put it, and there was widespread nervousness about going out in public while the menace persisted.

The epidemic of penis-shrinking finally ended when the police (who are as superstitious as anyone else in Africa) realized that the shrinking was a ruse used by a gang of pickpockets, one of whom would identify some innocent in the street as a "shrinker." While the enraged mob was beating the "shrinker" to death, other members of the gang would busy themselves lifting what wallets they could.

The 1974 Accra epidemic of penis-shrinking ended quickly when the

government made it a capital offense—if my memory serves—to accuse anyone of "member-shrinking" in public places.

I suspect it is a safe guess that the credulous AFP reporter in Abidjan has not been long in an African post—or possibly has served in one too long.

—David Burgess
Paris, France

Kingon on Catastrophic Health Care

You can imagine my surprise, returning from a major speaking trip across the United States on "1992," as I reclined in my airplane seat to read my favorite magazine, *The American Spectator*. I came across Robert S. England's article, "The Catastrophic Health Care Blunder" (November 1988) and found that I was a key part of the story.

In the piece, I read about meetings I never attended, people I never met with, things I never said, and powers imputed to me that I never had. Perhaps more to the point, very important meetings in which I did participate and interviews I did have that were critical in the long process were omitted. Much that was attributed to the President, to former chief of staff Donald Regan, and to me was not accurate, but that is endemic in Washington.

I would only make two points: one minor and one major.

Mr. England says that I declined to be interviewed for this story. That is not so. He did call my office some months ago when I was traveling. (I do not "sit" in Brussels all the time; I believe it is part of my responsibilities to protect and enhance the interests of the U.S. government and the U.S. business community to make many and frequent trips to the member states of the European Community and to the United States.) I told my secretary to

inform Mr. England when I would be back in the office and to please call me then. I cannot vouch that she did this since a return call never came and my then-secretary is now on the other side of the world in India. But I never would refuse an interview with *The American Spectator*.

More importantly, one sentence in the article leaped out: "It is almost impossible to know how President Reagan felt about the lack of a private market initiative." No, it is not. I spoke to the President about this issue, its component parts, and all its ramifications—more than once. But I confess that even if Mr. England had reached me, I would not have disclosed what the President said. I promised myself a long time ago not to write a "kiss and tell" book or contribute to one.

Despite Mr. England's prodigious effort, alas, the definitive story of the Reagan Administration's catastrophic health program has yet to be written.

—Alfred H. Kingon
Ambassador to the
European Communities
Brussels, Belgium

Robert S. England replies:

The central question Al Kingon's letter raises is not whether my account of the bumbling way the White House handled the catastrophic health care issue is accurate or not. It is, in fact, whether or not Al Kingon is willing to add his side of the story. He was not willing to talk when I was preparing the story and, judging from his letter, he does not seem to be willing to talk now. If he is unhappy about the way others are telling the story, he has only himself to blame.

When I called Al Kingon in Brussels, his secretary did not inform me that he was out of his office, let alone out of the country. I identified myself and *The American Spectator*, and asked her to

have Mr. Kingon call me back, after carefully explaining the story I was working on. She assured me she would give him my message. No one ever returned the call, even though I was working on the story for another three weeks.

While Al Kingon disputes in a broad sweep accounts of meetings with him by various sources in my story, he does not appear to be willing to dispute anything specifically. Which meetings mentioned in the story never took place? Which sources is he accusing of lying?

Al Kingon's unwillingness to divulge conversations held in confidence with President Reagan is admirable. His unwillingness to speak could possibly reflect, however, more a concern for his own reputation than that of the President. When I said it was impossible to know how President Reagan felt about the absence of a free market initiative among the choices offered him on catastrophic health care, I was assuming two things. One is that neither Mr. Kingon nor Don Regan would be willing to say the President was unhappy, as appears likely, since it would reflect poorly on both of them. Two, even if I were able to interview the President himself about this issue, he would likely have to defend his choice. He could not afford to admit he was boxed into choosing the Bowen plan after he had chosen it.

Thus, I conclude the public will
(continued on page 48)

IN MEMORIAM WILLIAM H. BRADY

The American Spectator grieves the passing of William H. Brady, Jr., loyal friend of the United States Constitution and all of its freedoms.

EDITORIALS



THE DUKE DID HIS BEST

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

And so the Democrats have lost another presidential election, the fifth in twenty years. Jubilation prevails amongst the Republicans; and, slumped alone in the blood-streaked ring, the Democratic challenger reflects on the might-have-beens. He has my sympathy. For weeks his so-called allies have murmured against him from behind flabby hands—he isolated himself from wise counsel, they argue; he was slow to respond to Republican scurrilities; he was a pug contender. In truth, he fought hard using the only tools in his arsenal, that is to say using the prejudices and ideas of 1980s liberalism. Democrats who murmur against him today are simple cads, unworthy of his respect.

Similar recriminations were whispered about Walter Mondale four years ago. Yet both contenders are seasoned politicians who before bearing the Democrats' cross had been the repositories of praise for their intellects, their ideals, their progressive records. Pamphlets and books full of hope, bilge, and the promise of a liberal revival can be found in your local library. In their pages Mondale and Dukakis are frequently mentioned as prospective liberal messiahs.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post column syndicated by King Features.

What words of consolation can we offer Governor Dukakis as his former allies make him their scapegoat? I shall say: "Take heart! You did your best. And in 1992 your successor will do worse—at least if the cads in your party continue to avoid their critics and to blame the fortunes of their party on bad breaks and Republican skullduggery."

They have been blaming others for their sorry condition throughout the 1980s. Ronald Reagan's success was attributed to "teflon," to "magic," to the wizardry of PR hacks. Rarely did liberal grumblers take note of his policies' benign influence on the government, the economy, and foreign affairs. While they groused about illusory woes, real gross national product expanded by over 20 percent, inflation dropped by two-thirds, employment expanded faster than in any major industrial nation, and unemployment hit a 14-year low. The real median income dropped 7 percent under Ronald Reagan's predecessor. It has climbed 10 percent in the 1980s.

Ironically, American liberals of every variety would be in much better odor with the electorate today if they were not so dominant in the universities and the media. If, as in other Western countries the national media were not the virtual monopoly of one point of view, the liberals might have to face up to their critics. If America had a two-party

media, fatuous liberals could not indulge the luxury of dismissing conservatives as cranks for positing that the liberal coalition contains too many incompatible zealots to ingratiate itself to the American people.

With our present one-party media, the liberals can tune out their critics and politely exchange their canards untroubled by the fear that anyone will make them rethink a decaying certitude. Thus they say George Bush was a mudslinger. They also say he was a militarist, a McCarthyite, and a racist. At the Democratic convention he was portrayed as a wimp and an incompetent, and Jimmy Carter has called him "effeminate" and "silly." They say that he ran an issueless campaign, yet despite their doubts about his themes he made military spending, crime, traditional values, and the liberal political philosophy the issues of the campaign. In fact, his liberal critics can say anything they want because they do not listen to those who disagree. Now they bawl that this

country was founded on liberalism, and they pretend that the liberalism of the Founding Fathers is the same as their liberalism, which is to say that of Alan Alda and Jesse Jackson.

Of course the liberalism of the Founders was the liberalism of John Locke, Adam Smith, and English Whigs. It more closely approximates the ideas of George Bush than those of his liberal antagonists. Today's liberals have drifted into radicalism—an unpleasant fact that the American people try to point out to them at every presidential election. My guess is that in the years ahead this liberalism is going to become even more remote from that of the Founders. An axiom of ideological politics is that if indulged the extremists set the agenda, and if the liberals do not rid themselves of their radicals and revise their primary system, their agenda is going to be set by the Rev. Jackson. In fact, unless the liberals face up to their problems, their candidate in 1992 will be the Rev. Jackson. □

PARDON OLLIE

"Action this day" was a Churchillian invocation. Or as the American philosopher Satchel Paige would put it in more relaxed tones, "Don't ever look back. Something may be gaining on you." And then there was Vince Lombardi's observation that a team never stands still. It's always getting better or worse. The point is that though the scenery may look like it's standing still, nothing stands still unless it is dead, monotonous, and at room temperature.

During the recent campaign Ronald Reagan, the oldest American President by six years, demonstrated that he is very much alive by campaigning across the country for his successor, Vice President George Bush. In fact, no President in history has campaigned so selflessly and vigorously. Ike never turned out for Richard Nixon until late in the 1960 campaign and then all he did was brag about himself, discredit-

ing in the process his struggling Vice President. Now the President can make another bold stroke on behalf of his successor: pardon Ollie North and his fellow victims of masked politics.

Ronald Reagan's presidency has been the most successful in the postwar period. He has changed the economy and the way Americans view government, convincing them that individual effort and not government creates wealth and that onerous taxation cripples growth. He has dampened the ardor of terrorists and of the Soviet Bloc for mischief. He has revived the economy and was well on his way to reviving the presidency until the Iran-contra hullabaloo.

That unexpected deviation and the natural wear and tear that his vigorous presidency has sustained have weakened the office. He can revitalize it by issuing pardons for Ollie North, Albert Hakim, John Poindexter, and Richard



Secord. Their prosecution is growing increasingly preposterous as prosecutor Lawrence Walsh spews out his vaporous charges, but the damage being done to the doctrine of separation of powers is real, and the office that Ronald Reagan hands over to George Bush will be an impotent foreign policy instrument unless the President takes his stand now.

The Democratic Congress has been waging a guerrilla war not just against this President but against the entire executive branch's ability to conduct foreign policy and control its budget. House Speaker Jim Wright has conducted his own foreign policy in Central America and at his pleasure leaked classified information. Congress has created unnecessary agencies answerable to it rather than to the President. Now the independent counsel is waging a political campaign beyond the reach of the electorate. The President should have done with this futile strife and

pardon North. His pocket veto of the Whistleblower Protection Act preserved the presidency from future congressional encroachments on presidential terrain. A pardon for North will be equally salutary.

Better still, the President could give Walsh the old heave-ho. He has the authority to do so, and Walsh deserves it. He has cost the taxpayers nearly \$11 million. By law he is required to follow Justice Department policy and he has blatantly breached that policy by insisting in his recent brief that Congress is in charge of foreign policy—tell that one to James Madison. Yet his most egregious breach of Justice Department policy is to charge defendants with criminality even while admitting that they may not have broken the law. Walsh's claim is that though North might not have broken the law he acted in defiance of Con-

gress's will. So do millions of other Americans every time they act contrary to the prejudices of the House's Democratic leadership. Shall we prosecute these Americans, too?

In America a citizen is jailed for breaking laws, not for causing congressmen displeasure. In the absence of laws proscribing North's activity, Walsh's pursuit of him is purely malicious and political. Walsh is a threat

to the American sense of justice. He is also a threat to the authority of the President. Ronald Reagan in one bold act ought to remove that threat so that George Bush will finally be free of Iran-contra harassment. The voters have just demonstrated that they do not share the Democrats' excitement about Iran-contra. Go ahead, Mr. President: pardon Ollie, fire Walsh. □

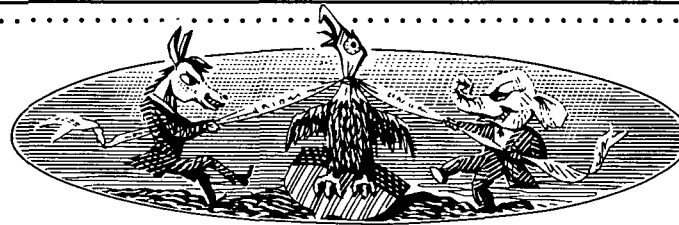
JUNK DANGER

As this election campaign should have demonstrated, the average American thinks for himself on politics, untutored by elites. Last spring none of this city's political sages believed that defense could be made into a campaign issue. George Bush, however, understood the public's concern for maintaining national security, and

he addressed the matter, making it a campaign issue. More spectacularly he addressed the public's concern that liberalism had gone too far in social engineering. The elites rolled their eyes, but Bush, it is now clear, had taken a proper measure of the electorate.

The average American also thinks
(continued on page 48)

CAPITOL IDEAS



GUIDELINES FOR PRESIDENT BUSH

by Tom Bethell

Eight years ago I offered congratulations to President-elect Ronald Reagan, happy as I then was to see the last of Jimmy Carter. That was long before Reagan won the Strange New Respect Award, of course. (Incidentally, Michael Kinsley of the *New Republic* predicts that Dan Quayle will end up winning the award; I hereby record the prediction, and alert Mr. Quayle to the liberal perception that he can be bullied into adopting their policies.)

Today we all congratulate President-elect George Bush. Whatever follows, we are grateful at least that Michael Dukakis has been sent back to Boston. Who knows, maybe he will be the Democratic nominee once again in

1992 (although I doubt Jesse Jackson will countenance any such thing). Meanwhile, our thanks to Mr. Bush.

What has changed in eight years? Among conservatives in 1980 there was far more euphoria than I detect today. There was at that time a far greater sense that real change was possible. (What an odd prospect for "conservatives" to relish, by the way. Does this not tell us better than anything the true nature of the times we live in?) Now, some of the liberals, enraged by Bush's victory, are promising to exact "revenge." This was supposed to have been "their" year. But Bush unfairly beat them with "negative campaigning," meaning he pointed out that their man was a liberal, something they had hoped to conceal with the connivance of the news media.

At an election-night victory party held at Richard Viguerie's headquarters in Falls Church, Virginia, both Viguerie and Conservative Caucus Chairman Howard Phillips were delighted at the prospect of liberal wrath to follow. Perhaps the fake, papered-over unity of the Reagan years would come unglued at last. Reagan had suckered the con-

servatives into thinking he was one of them; Bush would be capable of no such legerdemain. If the liberals came after him, he would have only two courses of action: capitulation, or reliance on conservative policies and advisers. If the former, Bush will sink without a trace. If the latter, he can prevail in the policy arena as successfully as he did in the electoral. Kinsley (who is off to England for seven months to edit the "American Survey" section of the *Economist*) predicts capitulation. But that may just be wishful thinking.

What is the conservative agenda? There are three key issues: impose no new taxes; move toward the deployment of Strategic Defense; appoint pro-life judges. Everything else (including contra aid) is secondary. The first should be easiest for Bush in view of his "no tax increase" pledge. He campaigned so unambiguously on the point that any retreat would be a serious setback. All that is required is for Bush to wield the veto and to relish the prospect of painting his opponents as greedily trying to reach into the taxpayers' pockets once more.

Notice the word "relish." Republicans should enjoy having the upper hand, rhetorically. They should not merely win but enjoy doing so. The problem is that, so often in the past, they have shrunk from the indispensable conflict that must precede victory. If the liberals, in their fury, make that conflict inevitable, they will have done us all a great favor.

Republicans, as a rule, are insufficiently aware that they stand on moral high ground. Here, then, are one or two moral guidelines. The U.S. Congress today is filled with big spenders because the old institutional restraints on spending broke down at the time of Watergate. (This happened in the guise of reform, incidentally.) Today there is a trillion-dollar tax pot in Washington, with 535 congressmen and senators enjoying exclusive rights to siphon as much as they can out of this common pot and back into the pockets of their constituents and campaign contributors.

In view of this arrangement, lawless in its essence, voters rationally elect

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent. He recently contributed the preface to The Campaign for Human Development: Christian Charity or Political Activism? by William T. Poole and Thomas W. Pauken, a monograph published by the Capital Research Center (1612 K Street, NW, Suite 704, Washington, DC 20006).

representatives who promise not to be shy about joining in the general siphoning operations (i.e., by joining in an endless array of coalitions in order to form the necessary majority; "public choice" economists call this "logrolling"). A fiscally conservative candidate who vows in his campaign not to spend the taxpayers' money recklessly merely signals to the voters that he will be leaving more to be grabbed by the

remaining legislators, who have bound themselves by no such promise. A "common pool" of resources to be apportioned politically, without well-defined rules or "property rights," encourages greed as a matter of mere self-interest or survival. (If a large group of communards eat from a common pot every night, greedy, hunger-take-the-hindmost eating will become the rule rather than the exception.) This is the

essence of the moral case against collectivism. Few churchmen understand it, or have ever had it explained to them, but perhaps we can begin to hope that Republicans in the White House will grasp the point.

Looked at this way, not only would it not be "responsible" of George Bush to raise taxes, as he is already being urged to do, it would be the height of irresponsibility for him to do so. As

long as what is laughably called the "budget" is arranged as a common pool, with siphoning privileges accorded to any coalition of congressmen who constitute a majority, then people will tend to vote for "greedy" legislators. (Liberal Democrats fill the bill.) But they do also want someone else to do his best to constrain the overall size of the pool by making it as difficult as possible for new revenues to flow to Washington. And that is where the President comes in: he can veto tax bills. A President who strives to enlarge the common pool by agreeing to new taxes does not thereby "solve" the "deficit crisis" but permits it to continue indefinitely. Since nothing will have been done to limit the formation of congressional spending majorities on behalf of a never-ending variety of claimants (farmers, the homeless, people with AIDS, people who are earning-impaired by virtue of being on welfare already, etc.), new taxes will merely mean a larger pool to siphon from.

Notice that a fairly simple reform would rapidly bring this lawless spending of other peoples' money under control: billing taxpayers in each congressional district in the same proportion that the congressman votes for spending bills. Big-spending congressmen would then be hitting their constituents where it hurt most: in Form 1040. Taxes would be low in the districts of parsimonious congressmen. This would restore responsibility to the system and government spending would collapse overnight. Henceforth there would not be a "deficit crisis." There would be a "socialism crisis." But such a reform, I fear, is very far from becoming a reality. Like it or not, we still live in the age of socialism.

Meanwhile, may I suggest a change in language? In the present arrangement there are three key words (I am indebted to Joe Sobran for pointing this out): needy, greedy, and compassionate. Members of recipient groups, at the receiving end of congressional siphoning operations, are called "needy." Taxpayers, on the other hand, whose contribution to the Republic is to send ever-expanding slices of their income to Washington every year, are perennial defendants. If for any reason they *resist* sending more income to Washington, vote for tax-cuts or whatever, they are called "greedy." Finally there are those (Michael Kinsley is an example) who argue loudly and endlessly that the "greedy" should be forced to contribute more for the upkeep of the "needy." These people call one another "compassionate."

May I suggest the following change? Any spokesman for a recipient group who starts hollering for more support should be called "greedy." And

Ancient Roman Coins

THE WASHINGTON MINT PROUDLY ANNOUNCES ITS INITIAL PUBLIC OFFERING OF 950 SUPERBLY PRESERVED COINS OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN EMPIRE

A recently discovered private cache of ancient coins from the reign of Roman Emperor Constantine I (the Great) has now been authenticated and certified by The Washington Mint.

Each one of these magnificent glossy bronze coins is over 16 centuries old, yet each remains in superb condition. Indeed, the coins from this cache show almost no sign of wear at all.

A special public sale of these ancient Roman coins begins TODAY.

Historical Data:

Ancient Rome established the tradition of featuring "royal" portraits in coins, and the coins of the Roman Empire feature some of the most famous men in history.

One of Rome's most remarkable leaders was emperor Constantine the Great (307-337), a man who left an indelible mark on world history. He was the first Roman Emperor to adopt Christianity, and in so doing, he changed the course of Western Civilization.

During his extraordinary lifetime, Constantine reorganized the Empire, repelled the invading Goths and established the new Roman capital of Constantinople. And, importantly, he reformed and strengthened the coinage system of the Empire.

Coin Description and Condition:

Each coin from this cache was minted during the reign of Constantine the Great, and each features his portrait.

Each one of the 950 coins in this cache were struck at the Mint of Sircia between 330-337 and each measures approximately 17mm in diameter. The superb condition of the coins indicates that they were buried soon after being minted, as there is virtually no wear whatsoever.

Restrictions:

A limit of ten coins per order will be

strictly enforced, and all orders are subject to acceptance by The Washington Mint.

Sale Price:

Each Ancient Roman Coin is priced at \$95.00 plus \$2.50 for postage, handling and insurance. (Total: \$97.50).

Special Discounts:

The following discount prices apply for customers placing quantity orders:

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beleaguered taxpayers might reasonably plead that they are "needy." (Perhaps they could find some congressmen who will represent their interests?) Those who advocate increased income redistribution should be called "socialists." It's a lot of fun for big spenders in Congress to spend other people's money, but there's no reason why they should be called compassionate for doing so.

Conservatives must learn to take the offensive. As former Education Secretary William Bennett said, it's either that or play defense. Alas, what conservatives need is what they so conspicuously lacked in the Reagan years: leadership. Ron was the figurehead at the prow, not the captain on the bridge. George, be a Captain! We will be your willing crew.

As for military spending: First of all, let us stop calling it defense spending. For we have no defense. The U.S. could not prevent a bomber attack today, let alone a missile attack. Far too many conservatives think only in terms of a "bottom line," or aggregate spending total: \$300 billion, or whatever it now is. Very little attention has been paid to the way the money is spent. Just so long as it's a big fat amount, most conservatives are happy. (As far as I know, the worst offender in this regard is Herbert Stein, the American Enterprise Institute economist.)

Perhaps understandably, conservatives tend to think: the Pentagon knows best. But Pentagon judgment must now be questioned. Again, a "public choice" analysis helps. What is needed is mainland defense. But what we (or rather the world) get are far-flung bases and World War II-style war games ("Sea Lanes!" "Choke Points!" "Strategically Vital Spots!"), complete with World War II weapons: battleships, tanks, and bombers. Mainland defense has been so much left out of the picture that it can now only be incorporated into the military budget at the expense of existing fiefdoms, baronies, and services. Who will give ground to make budgetary room for Strategic Defense? The Air Force? The Army? And while we're talking defense, we need to put civil defense back on the agenda as well. The Pentagon has now sloughed that off completely.

Of late the "defense" budget has been declining. Conservatives should not view this with alarm. On the contrary, they should see it as an opportunity: We should let the Pentagon know that we will not start clamoring for more until the Joint Chiefs get it into their heads that the country must be defended. Above all, we should stop bribing foreign governments to be permitted to pay the cost of defending

them. The U.S. has to be the first major power in history to pay other countries to defend them, rather than be paid by them. The first and, I should suppose, the last.

We should get our forces out of Japan, out of South Korea, out of West Germany, and out of Britain. Again, this entails recognizing once and for all that World War II really is over. And yes, West Germany should

be permitted to acquire nuclear weapons if it wants them. Ditto the Japanese. Anyone who thinks that the Nazis will re-emerge from Munich beer cellars should be offered free psychiatric assistance. The U.S. attitude toward Western Europe is that of a demented utility company faced with a chronically delinquent customer. "Please pay your bill," we tell them. "And if you don't . . . why,

if you don't . . . we'll pay it for you!" We cannot accuse the West Europeans of not being serious about their defense. They are perfectly serious. It's just that they know we'll pay for it. And they know because we keep telling them. We pay their bills and they pay the Soviets' bills—that's the way it's shaping up. It's time to put a stop to it, and on this issue, I suspect, U.S. conservatives could exercise real leverage. □

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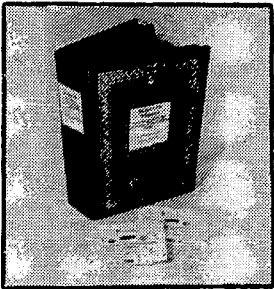
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Fred Barnes

LESSONS OF CAMPAIGN '88

He who was predicting a Democratic victory now explains his error, and it had much to do with weird Mike. Can the Republicans count on that weirdness to save them next time?

Don't gloat. The lesson of the 1988 election isn't that Republicans now have an electoral lock on the presidency. On the contrary, the lesson is how easy it would be for the right Democratic presidential nominee to win the White House. Michael Dukakis ran the worst national campaign of modern times and George Bush ran one of the best. George McGovern's was better than the Duke's. So was Hubert Humphrey's in 1968. Dukakis was soft on crime, weak on defense, and suspect on taxes. If those weren't enough, Dukakis came across as the least likable political figure since Thomas Dewey. In comparison with Dukakis, Jimmy Carter was a bundle of laughs. Yet Dukakis got 46 percent of the vote in an era of Republican peace and prosperity. Amazing. Imagine if Democrats had nominated someone else—Bill Bradley, say, or Lloyd Bentsen.

This race was winnable by a Democrat, even Dukakis. Okay, I'm sensitive on this point, having argued until early September that it was going to be a Democratic year. Well, it could have been. If Richard Gephardt had gotten the nomination, he'd have given George Bush a lot of trouble and maybe won. The only thing that kept Gephardt from the nomination was money. He ran out after the New Hampshire primary, and Dukakis still had plenty. Gephardt had a gripping issue, "economic nationalism." It's a demagogic mixture of protectionism and the Yellow Peril, but it does have appeal, more than I had suspected. Besides, Bush couldn't have made the argument that Gephardt had opposed "virtually every new weapon since the slingshot." He hadn't. In fact, he was pilloried in the Democratic primaries for having backed too many weapons programs.

Gephardt (or any other Democrat) could have defeated Bush merely by be-

ing nationalistic on economics and slightly pro-defense. He could have gotten away with being liberal on most economic, domestic, and social issues. After all, the liberal position on these issues is often the popular one: mandatory health insurance, long-term medical care financed by the taxpayers, more spending on education, stringent enforcement of environmental laws, and so on. What I'm saying is, if a Democrat is truly in the tradition of Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy, he can win, at least against a non-incumbent. Those three guys were liberal on everything but defense and national security. It worked for them, and it would work again. What won't work is for the Democratic nominee to be, as former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger characterized Dukakis, "viscerally anti-defense." As luck would have it, the Democratic ticket had someone on it who wasn't anti-defense, a liberal along FDR-HST-JFK lines—Bentsen. Of the four people on the two national

tickets in 1988, he was by far the most popular. That should tell Democrats something about what they need in 1992 or 1996.

By the way, there's a reason why House and Senate candidates can be as egregiously anti-defense as Dukakis, yet win. Many of the same voters who rejected Dukakis re-elected liberal isolationists like Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio and Representative Peter Kostmayer of Pennsylvania. Voters knew they weren't putting the nation's security in Metzenbaum's or Kostmayer's hands. There's not much risk to the nation in voting for a single senator or representative or governor. But voting for President is different. The safety of the country is in the President's hands. He's the commander in chief, the person in charge of foreign policy. Voters know that.

In Dukakis's case, a little inoculation would have gone a long way

on national security issues and on patriotism. It was no secret that the Bush campaign was going to use Dukakis's opposition to new weapons and his Pledge of Allegiance veto against him. As early as June, Bushies were talking openly about these issues. Dukakis did nothing. He failed to shift soon enough from a primary to a general election posture. But he could have decided in June to support the same weapons he backed in September—the Stealth bomber, the D-5 missile, maybe a new land-based missile. He could have taken his name off the letterhead of the peacenik organization Jobs for Peace. He could have criticized Reagan for being too soft on Mikhail Gorbachev, which he is. He could have begun reciting the Pledge at the beginning of each rally. By the fall, he'd have seemed far less a risk to voters and been less vulnerable to Bush attacks. Voters have short memories. Democrats found this out the hard way on another issue. Bush's opposition to a bill requiring 60-day notice of a plant closing was damaging to him in the summer. Then Reagan signed the bill into law and it died as an issue. Bush's opposition was ancient history in the fall campaign.

Perhaps Dukakis was culturally and politically unable to make early adjustments on defense and nationalism. But my point is how little he would have had to do, and with so much to be gained. Republicans assume that the liberal activists who dominate the Democratic presidential primaries will continue to nominate inflexible, anti-defense, elitist Democrats like Dukakis. I've assumed the same thing from time to time, but now I'm not so certain. Look at the three most likely candidates in 1992, aside from Jesse Jackson. They are Bentsen, Bradley, and Albert Gore, all three pro-defense liberals (or at least not anti-defense). Bentsen may not be nominatable—he'd be 71—but the other two certainly are. Bradley's votes for the contras would be a handicap in the Iowa caucuses, but



he could skip Iowa. Gore demonstrated in 1988 that you could do that with impunity. Gephardt and Paul Simon, who came in first and second in Iowa, showed the futility of gearing a campaign around the caucuses. They dropped out a few weeks after Iowa. Anyway, Democrats have electable liberals on tap for 1992, though none will be able to oust Bush if he has a successful first term.

Democrats did two other things well in 1988. One was raising as much money as Republicans in the presidential race, some \$50 million in "soft money" directed to state Democratic parties. This is a wholly new phenomenon, and much of the credit goes to Robert Farmer, Dukakis's fundraiser. Having done it once, Democrats can do it again. They'll have a good list to work from in 1992. There are no limits on soft money donations, so Democrats are not penalized for lacking a mass base of contributors. They can rely on their high rollers from Wall Street and Hollywood.

The other success was in handling Jackson. I know this is hard to believe, but I'm talking about the fall campaign. I disagree with William Safire that Jackson's high visibility at the Democratic convention poisoned the party in voters' minds. In truth, Dukakis did one thing brilliantly. He stood up to Jackson. It worked, as standing up to bullies and blowhards always does. Dukakis made no significant concessions to Jackson that I know of. He didn't pander. He was barely friendly. And he made it clear that Jackson would be blamed if he caused problems in the campaign. Jackson piped down. True, he voiced irritation in September, but John Sasso, Dukakis's campaign chief, quickly smoothed things over. Dukakis managed to have Jackson become invisible, in the national media sense, for entire weeks of the campaign. I call that a brilliant stroke.

Turnout was down in some black areas, but Dukakis more than made up for it by luring back Reagan Democrats. He won them 51-48 in the CBS News/*New York Times* exit poll. This wouldn't have happened if Dukakis had appeased Jackson. There's a lesson for 1992 in this. Democratic presidential contenders are not only free to get tough with Jackson, they'll gain from it. They ought to challenge him for support in the black community. They'll get some. Blacks are as pragmatic as anyone. They know Jackson will never be the Democratic nominee for President. Many would like to go with a winner. They can be weaned from Jackson.

While Republicans have no lock on the White House, Demo-

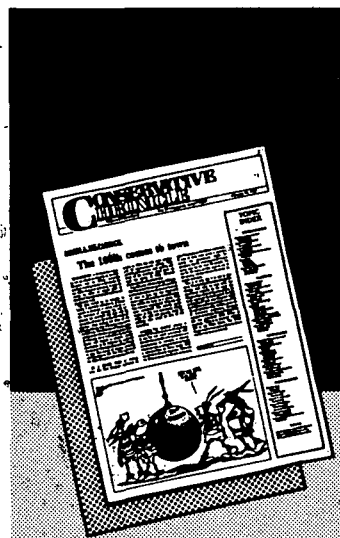
crats can gloat about their hold on the House of Representatives. The Senate, now 55-45 Democratic, is reasonably up for grabs, though Republicans are obviously worse off than at the outset of the Reagan era when the Senate was 53-47 Republican. But in the House, Democrats had a solid majority when Reagan took office and now have a bigger one. For all Reagan's success, the GOP

lost seventeen House seats during his two terms. Worse, Republican prospects of taking control are slim to none.

The GOP is a victim of its own success in holding the White House. So long as Republican Presidents are reasonably successful in office, voters will be happy with the status quo. And we will have elections that ratify it. When that happens, incumbents get re-elected, most of whom are Democrats.

In other words, the peace and prosperity produced by Reagan benefited House Speaker Jim Wright and his brood, who opposed Reagan's policies. Yes, life is unfair. What House Republicans need is another failed Democratic President, another Carter. Even then, the chances of a Republican takeover are remote.

In 1988, only nine of 435 House seats changed parties, an incredibly low



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number. Three were open seats, those vacated by Republicans Hal Daub in Nebraska and Beau Boulter in Texas and by Democrat Buddy McKay in Florida. All six incumbents who lost were tarred by scandals or mini-scandals: Republicans Pat Swindall of Georgia, Mac Sweeney of Texas, Jack Davis of Illinois, and Joseph DiGuardi of New York, and Democrats Ferdinand St Germain of Rhode Island and Bill Chappell of Florida. If it takes a scandal to beat an incumbent Democrat,

Republicans are understandably discouraged.

Another development also works against them. This is the growing tendency of corporate political action committees to funnel money to incumbents, mostly Democrats. The PACs think they are buying access to incumbents, but they're wasting their money. They can get access for free. What the PACs do is help keep in office folks who are anti-business. Democrats figured out in the early

1980s that business PACs are stupid. Led by one of the shrewdest House Democrats, Tony Coelho of California, they realized they could take money from business PACs and still vote however they wished. Their dream was to have conservative money financing liberal votes. Coelho guessed that the PACs might just be dumb enough to keep handing over money. He was correct. And PACs also stopped giving to Republican challengers. In 1988, Democratic incumbents got \$44.9 mil-

lion from PACs, Republican challengers only \$1.4 million.

The only recent period of real Republican rule in Washington was 1981 to 1983, when Republicans held the White House and the Senate, and Republicans and conservative Democrats were a majority in the House. Chances are, that won't happen again soon. For Republicans, worse times are more likely. All Democrats have to do is act sensibly, and only a little sensibly, in 1992 or 1996. □

Micah Morrison

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE MIDDLE EAST

An adroit negotiator, a direct message, a sense of history, and realism—now more than ever.

Three tremors hit the terrain of the Arab-Israeli dispute recently—the PLO conclave in Algiers, the election of a right-wing government in Israel,¹ and the George Bush victory. Yet once the sound and fury of the spin doctors and the punditry faded into the twilight, it became apparent that very little had changed. This is not terrible news. In fact, despite gloomy prognostications from the pundits, the election of conservative-minded governments in Washington and Jerusalem creates opportunities for pragmatic advances in Israeli-Palestinian reconciliation.

The importance of the PLO meeting in Algeria rested solely in the fact that it was convened in response to the Palestinian uprising in the territories. These "internal" Palestinians (as opposed to the Palestinians outside the territories) had been demanding political action to advance their year-long uprising. Arafat threw them a bone with the declaration of a Palestinian state. In practical terms, the declaration means nothing, and it's interesting to note that it was not greeted with

euphoria in the territories. The PLO's Algeria "acceptance" of U.N. Resolution 242, which calls for the right of all states in the region to live in peace within secure borders, and its "rejection" of terrorism were once again hedged with so many qualifications that the "new position" was quickly rejected by the United States—the party at which the statement was aimed—not to mention the Israelis.

As Middle East expert Fouad Ajami noted at the time of the PLO meeting, Arafat needed to speak three languages: Arabic to the Arab world, English to the Americans, and Hebrew to the Israelis. But he spoke only two languages, Arabic and English, directing his rhetorical strategy at the U.S. in the mistaken belief that Washington can "deliver" Jerusalem on a vital matter of Israeli national security. Arafat left out the most important language for an Arab serious about making peace, the language of his enemy—he didn't speak Hebrew to the Israelis, he didn't address the people he needs to deal with. He didn't, in the end, recognize Israel's right to exist, express a willingness to live in peace, or renounce terror. The message to Jerusalem: nothing has changed.

Meanwhile, in Israel, Orthodox and ultra-Orthodox Jewish parties gained strength in the election and appear to hold the balance of power in the Knesset. American Jewry, already in disarray over Israeli policy in the territories, is now up in arms over the

issue of "Who's a Jew," shorthand for an Orthodox push to change Israeli law to recognize only Orthodox conversions to Judaism, not Reform or Conservative conversions. Reform and Conservative Jews make up 90 percent of American Jewry and "Who's a Jew" threatens to symbolically divorce them from Israel by, in effect, delegitimizing them as Jews.

On the U.S. side, the American Jewish crack-up is likely to grow more pronounced as liberal and left-wing Jews escalate attacks from the comfort of New York, Boston, and Berkeley on the Shamir government's religious and security policies. As for those Jews who actually live in embattled Israel, added now to the looming issue of what to do about the Palestinian uprising is the looming issue of what the Orthodox will do to the life-style of Israelis, the great majority of whom are secular or traditional, not Orthodox. Beyond "Who's a Jew," other measures advocated by the religious parties—some of which actually regard Israel as a heretical nation because it was formed before the Messiah arrived, and are only attempting to enter the new government in order to pillage as much loot as possible and foist a theocratic state upon the Jews—are closing down all Friday night (the Jewish sabbath) entertainment, banning non-Kosher restaurants, pouring millions into Orthodox religious seminaries, and reinforcing laws that allow thousands of Orthodox Jews to dodge the Israeli draft.

And yet, even with the prospect of an Orthodox uprising and another War of the Jews, all parties to the Arab-Israeli conflict are aware that the ground is shifting. The Palestinian uprising compelled Arafat to go to Algeria and make gestures that were largely meaningless but that prodded the PLO slightly in the direction of moderation. The uprising compelled Jordan to cut its legal and administrative ties to the West Bank. It deepened doubts in Israel about the wisdom of holding on to the territories. At present the Israelis are convinced, correctly, that there is no reasonable Arab partner to deal with. Jordan has stepped to the sidelines for the moment. Arafat has again shown that the PLO is incapable of meaningful action. It looks, in short, like another hopeless Middle East stalemate.

The Bush Administration-in-waiting is painfully aware that the region is a graveyard of U.S. initiatives. Reports from Beltway Bushmen indicate that the new administration will not give the region high priority. Indeed, a sound, politically cautious argument can be made for a policy of "benign neglect," but this is not the time for such a policy. Israel needs a Palestinian partner it can deal with. The U.S. can help build the foundations for that partnership.

Here are four guidelines for a creative, sensible U.S. role in the Arab-Israeli dispute:

- Reactivate the office of special Mid-

¹As *TAS* goes to press, Yitzhak Shamir's Likud party continues to maneuver between religious factions and the Labor opposition in putting together a Knesset majority.

Micah Morrison is deputy director of the Committee for the Free World and editor of its monthly publication, Contentions.

dle East envoy. The region demands someone's full-time attention. Messrs. Baker and Bush will have their hands full with tricky situations in Moscow, Eastern Europe, Latin America, and elsewhere. An experienced Middle East hand is needed, someone who commands the respect—and fear—of the regional players, someone who is known to have the President's ear. The next Assistant Secretary of State for Near East Affairs to come shuttling through the area simply will not be treated as a heavyweight. The candidates for special envoy are few. Henry Kissinger is perfectly qualified to explore whether peace is possible at this time, although the prospect of his return to White House circles would set off alarm bells all over Washington. An even bolder choice, albeit one that might send the Democratic Congress into a blood-crazed attack frenzy, would be Richard Nixon. The former President unquestionably would command the attention of all the Middle East parties and he would be working in a policy area—foreign affairs—where even many of his enemies acknowledge his talents. The point is to name a hard-hitting conservative familiar with the Middle East, diplomatically adept, solidly behind Israel, and capable of exploring options with the Arabs.

• *Send a direct message to moderate Palestinians.* The new U.S. negotiator should dispatch teams into the territories to meet with non-PLO Palestinians and make the following points clear: the Bush Administration will not under any circumstances compromise Israeli security and rules out any contacts with the PLO unless the PLO explicitly recognizes Israel, repeals or revises Article 15 of the PLO Covenant, which calls for Israel's destruction, and halts all terror activities; the lesson of the Palestinian uprising is that the PLO has not delivered a political stand commensurate with Palestinian desires and sacrifices; the U.S. will listen to Palestinian proposals that clearly accept Israel's right to exist and renounce terror. The U.S. should *not* continue the practice of inviting Palestinians to well-publicized meetings at the U.S. consulates in Jerusalem—a strategy akin to standing someone up in front of a target and handing around rifles. The U.S. teams working in the territories should have liaison arrangements with the American embassy and consulates but should be based in Washington, both to reinforce the impression of political clout and to keep them on a tight leash. Sending U.S. envoys into the territories will annoy the Israelis, thus impressing the Palestinians. Should the entire effort come to nothing, Washington will at least have sent a message that it is prepared to

mediate for Palestinians who will meet Israel halfway, and that it is possible to do so without betraying Israel.

• *Operate in the political culture of the Middle East, not the West.* Put together a team that understands Arabs and Jews, that is familiar with the achievements of their respective cultures and the lessons of their respective histories—people who can speak their languages, in the broad sense. Remember that in many ways this is a conflict of Biblical resonance, not merely another deadly and tragic twentieth-century clash of competing nationalisms. Matters of blood and honor carry great weight. As a first step, aim not for negotiations direct or international, but aim for what in the culture of the Middle East is known as a *sulha*, a symbolic reconciliation between warring parties, a ritual agreement to end a blood feud. From there, try to push on.

• *Above all, be realistic.* The time may or may not be right for a final settlement—the odds are that the time is not right. Peace is a long-term proposition, to be worked toward in small steps, not great leaps *à la* Sadat. President Bush won't have much time—after two, possibly three years, re-election considerations will crowd in and push the candidates away from controversial initiatives involving Israel. If the Palestinians refuse to put a little distance between themselves and the PLO, at least Washington will be able to claim it has been sincere and imaginative in seeking a solution.

Make no mistake, an American initiative to reach out for Palestinian moderates will be dangerous and controversial. In the end it could come to nothing: the Palestinians might line up as a solid block and refuse to have anything to do with the effort. Yet the message out of Algeria was not entirely positive for the Palestinians "inside": they are keenly aware of the difference between substance and symbolism.

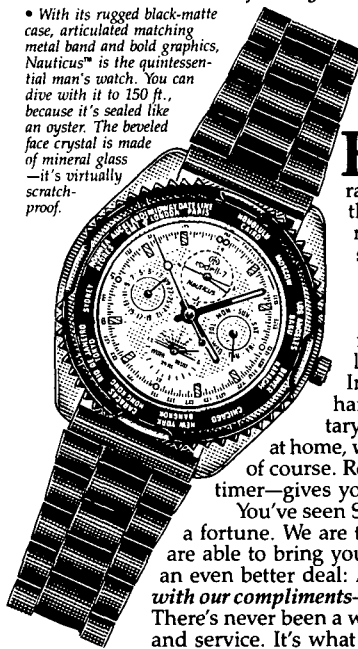
And where will Arafat's second act come from? How long will the Palestinians wait for practical, substantive measures? With a bit of American support, the Palestinians might work themselves around to creating a West Bank and Gazan pragmatic counterweight in PLO politics. Unlike the Palestinians "outside," the Palestinians in the territories know full well what can be obtained from Jerusalem and what cannot. In the scenario of a West Bank and Gazan counterweight, the PLO would have to pay greater heed to the voice of the territories and bring them more fully into its ranks, which could push the organization in a more moderate direction; or the PLO would

have to revert to its heretofore standard method of murdering independent Palestinians, which could serve to alienate the territories and spur the creation of a new "internal" organization with which Israel could deal. The "popular committees" running the uprising have already moved a step in this direction—and Arafat knows it, hence the trip to Algeria.

There are, of course, huge barriers to overcome, psychological as well as political. The Arabs have no true sympathy for, or understanding of, the centrality of the Holocaust in Israeli thinking, and the way this deep-rooted fear of annihilation has been reinforced by four decades of war. The Israelis tend to look at the Palestinians as the very same Arabs who were slaughtering Jews in

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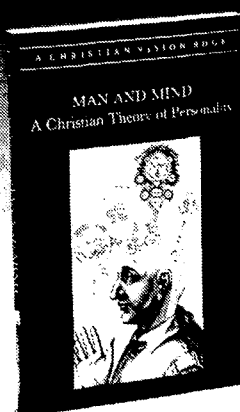
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Palestine in the 1930s, not really noticing that the Palestinians of the 1980s have been exposed to all that is good in Israeli democracy, all that is denied them under occupation law, and all that is different under the various dictatorships of the Arab lands. An "education offensive" could be part of a new Amer-

ican effort, bringing both sides to a better understanding of each other's dreams and nightmares. This, too, could come under the mandate of a skilled and influential Middle East negotiator.

Two or three years is not a lot of time, but it is time enough for a demonstration of Yankee ingenuity,

time enough to demonstrate America's unshakable support for Israeli security while embarking on a cautious search for a Palestinian partner. The key factors are appointing a special U.S. envoy; putting together an experienced and intelligent American team; careful gestures toward moderate Pales-

tinians; a *sulha*, a symbolic reconciliation between Arabs and Jews, as a first step; and a sense of realism. Realism means practical goals, an awareness of historical complexity, and the readiness to cut losses and head home after what might turn out to be a fruitless quest for compromise. □

Sidney Hook

ECHOES OF THE ROSENBERG CASE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POSTSCRIPT

The judge who sent Ethel and Julius to the chair has lived a life of peerless liberal guilt.

Some time in the early sixties, I was invited to present a paper on the place of religion in a free society by Chief Circuit Court Judge Murrah at the Tenth Circuit Court Conference, whose members were largely the judges and court personnel of the Western circuits of the United States Court of Appeals. The meeting was memorable in several ways. It was held at the Grand Tetons which I had not visited before, one of the most beautiful scenic areas in the United States. Most of the Western judges, including Judge Murrah, had a breezy, outgoing temperament, more impressive for their common sense and shrewd judgments than for their legal erudition and dialectical skills. My paper, whose theme I later developed at greater length in the Montgomery Lectures at the University of Nebraska and published in a slender volume called *The Place of Religion in a Free Society* (1964), was sufficiently at odds with traditional views to provoke a vigorous discussion. Among other things, I challenged the assertion that there had ever been, or ever could be, a wall of separation between church and state in America, so long as churches, mosques, and synagogues enjoyed tax exemptions. And finally, what fixed the meeting in my mind, I met and had long talks with Judge Irving Kaufman, who was present as a kind of observer from the Second Circuit Court on which he served.

I knew of Irving Kaufman only as the judge in the Rosenberg and Sobell

cases. Kaufman had read several of my pieces on the Hiss case. On some walks we took together he unfolded a harrowing tale of persecution and calumny at the hands (and mouths) of fanatical partisans of the Rosenbergs who had made not only his life a misery but that of his wife and other members of his family. In accordance with the common tradition of the bench, he could not very well reply to these systematic efforts to discredit and defame him.

Kaufman wondered whether I had familiarized myself with the details of the case or had considered undertaking a book on the subject. I had known about the case and followed the major details of the evidence. I had remembered that at the conclusion of the trials, before the verdict of the jury, the Rosenbergs' attorney had thanked the judge for his fairness in conducting the case. But I did not know the details of the case as well as I knew the details

of the Hiss case. At one point, I was about to launch on a systematic study of the Rosenbergs. This was at the time Bertrand Russell had reached one of the way stations on his anti-American crusade, and had begun to cite the Rosenberg and Sobell cases, on evidence supplied him by a professor of chemistry at Columbia, as an indication that the U.S. was becoming a police state as bad as the Soviet Union. Something intervened to prevent me from making the systematic study and, much to his later regret I suspect, I delegated the task to Nathan Glazer, a rising star in the post-World War II field of sociology.

Glazer published a pamphlet which concluded that the Rosenbergs had been fairly convicted on the evidence. This was my view, and one commonly held by many other inquirers. But I, together with many others, had petitioned President Eisenhower to commute the Rosenbergs' death sentence, and long before Sobell had completed his term, I had advocated that he be paroled with Harry Gold, the chief witness against the Rosenbergs, who had been sentenced to thirty years.

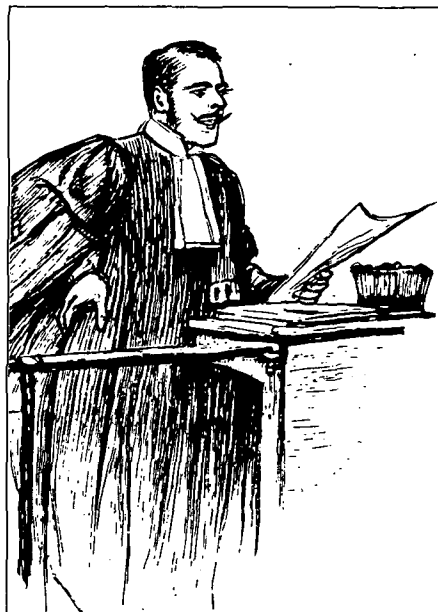
Knowing what the Communist party and its coterie of fellow-travelers were capable of doing when the party decided to make a *cause célèbre* of the Rosenbergs, I had no reason to doubt the truth of Judge Kaufman's recital of his persecution. But when I asked him why he sentenced the Rosenbergs to death I was startled to hear him say that he had no alternatives, that they had been convicted of espionage during the war, and that the law at the time carried the death penalty. At first I thought I had misheard him, but he

reaffirmed the statement. I have never been able to find any jurist who subsequently agreed with Judge Kaufman's interpretation of the law.

Nonetheless, I was sympathetic with Kaufman's plight and indignant with the denunciations of him by Communists who had applauded the execution of hundreds of innocent persons in the notorious frame-up trials at Moscow, and later in Prague and Budapest, who were beginning their agitation for the vindication of the Rosenbergs, and a new trial for Sobell, not out of concern for human rights but as a tactic in the Cold War against the West, particularly the United States.

Subsequently, I received a letter from Judge Kaufman calling my attention to the publication of a book entitled *Invitation to an Inquest* by two apologists for the Rosenbergs and Sobell. He expressed the hope that I myself would write "a completely objective and non-partisan book on the Rosenberg case." Active on numerous other fronts, I put this project on my list and waited for an opportunity to undertake the task. But the necessity was not pressing.

Ten years or so later, in the mid-seventies, the necessity did become pressing. Verne Countryman, a law school professor, launched an impassioned attack on Judge Kaufman for his handling of the Rosenberg case some twenty-five years before. He made a great to-do about the fact that before sentencing the Rosenbergs Judge Kaufman had consulted with the prosecution. Countryman's hue and cry was taken up by others. Knowing something about Countryman's politi-



Sidney Hook's autobiography, Out of Step: An Unquiet Life in the 20th Century, was published in 1987 by Harper & Row.

cal proclivities and associations, I became suspicious and looked into the matter. My inquiries showed that the practice for which Judge Kaufman was being mercilessly flayed was quite general at the time, and that only recently had procedures changed so that it was no longer considered good form for the judge to consult with the prosecution before passing sentence on a convicted defendant.

A great many well-meaning people, including historically untrained jurists, unaware that Judge Kaufman's behavior was standard procedure at the time, joined Countryman who, I suspect, was perfectly aware of the facts, but who, in mitigation, could plausibly fall back on the plea of obtuseness when the facts became known. Nonetheless, Countryman with his political allies had raised such a wave of moral indignation at Judge Kaufman's alleged derelictions that the American Bar Association appointed a subcommittee to defend Kaufman, now chief judge of the Second Circuit Court, against unwarranted criticism arising from his handling of the Rosenberg case. The chairman of the subcommittee, Judge Simon Rifkind, had been a classmate of mine at City College some fifty-five years earlier. Judge Rifkind wrote to me suggesting that I investigate the case and evaluate the contentions of those who were so zealously trying to persuade the American public that the Rosenbergs were innocent and unfairly treated as well as improperly punished.

By this time I was seriously resolved to go into the case in depth, although at the time I suggested to Judge Rifkind that Professor Allen Weinstein of Smith College, who had just completed a many-year study of the Hiss case, was much better qualified as a historian to dig up and reassess the evidence in the Rosenberg case. But before committing myself, for some odd reason I sat down and began reading Judge Kaufman's decisions in more recent cases. I made what seemed to me a surprising discovery: Judge Kaufman was taking an ultra ritualistic-liberal stance on cases that involved national security, subversive activities, and other related ideological issues. His position smacked of the extremism of Justices Black and Douglas.

I do not mean to suggest that there was anything deliberate in this orientation. The poor man was so intent on proving that he was not a reactionary, McCarthyite, fascist underling of the capitalist class intent on destroying innocent revolutionists—the standard accusations of his Communist persecutors—that he ruled almost invariably against the government and for dissenters who flagrantly politicized their classroom. He seemed to believe that

if he became known as a liberal of the Black-Douglas type (before the double-dealing of Douglas on the Rosenberg case was revealed), his persecutors would absolve him for the death sentence in the Rosenberg case. He could not have been more mistaken.

Kaufman seemed to be obsessed with his public image, and some of his colleagues on the bench, who were just *normal* ritualistic-liberals, became aware of what was moving him. I ended up believing that his reading of the First Amendment freedoms—so different from that of Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and Frankfurter—

Judge Kaufman was taking an ultra ritualistic-liberal stance on cases that involved national security issues.

was more harmful to the prospects of a free society than the injustices he suffered at the hands of his Communist tormentors. Feeling as I did, I could not gratify Judge Rifkind's request. By this time he had sent me massive documentary material on the case.

I telephoned Judge Rifkind and told him how I felt. He made no attempt to persuade me. The soul of discretion and tact, he merely said: "Why don't you tell Judge Kaufman what you think?" I never did.

I sometimes wondered whether my observation of the trend of Kaufman's opinions had been accurate, and if so, whether my explanation of it was justified. Then I read Kaufman's opinion in a case that I had first-hand knowledge about in my capacity as an officer of University Centers for Rational Alternatives (UCRA). It strengthened my conviction that he was unconsciously trying to win favor among his persecutors by a show of ultra-liberalism.

The case involved Professor Michael Selzer of Brooklyn College, who was interested in the study of terrorism in Israel and the Near East. Selzer had previously gathered data on Nazi war criminals. He wrote the CIA requesting any psychological data of a nonclassified kind that it had on contemporary terrorists. He suspected that there was an overlap which could make his inquiries more specific. Receiving no response, he telephoned and was asked to meet with a representative of the CIA. He agreed to a meeting on June 1, 1976, after notifying the former chairman of his department about the nature of the CIA's interest.

At the meeting the representative of the CIA asked Selzer whether on his return from Israel and the Near East he would be willing to be "debriefed,"

meaning whether he would give his impressions of the situation. The representative told Selzer that the Agency routinely made such requests of the large number of businessmen, academics, and others who frequently travel abroad. The CIA, he said, needed voluminous amounts of non-secret information for its work, and the least expensive yet reliable method of obtaining it is through voluntary debriefing of travelers. The representative did not suggest any particular focus for Selzer's work except his own lines of inquiry. Selzer was not requested to contact any particular individuals or type of in-

dividual or to search for specific information of any kind. To his surprise, he was offered no access to any data, classified or non-classified, nor offered any other inducement. The Agency would not even supply a bibliography on the subject.

Selzer replied that he would think it over and make a decision on his return, at which time, if his decision to be debriefed was favorable, he would telephone.

In July 1976 Selzer visited five countries in order to gather the psychological records of Nazi collaborators, to search for data on the Dachau concentration camp, and to determine whether there was any overlap between known terrorists in Europe and the individuals on his list suspected of terrorism in the Near East. On his return he telephoned the person at the CIA he had been in touch with and spoke to him, according to his estimate, for about ten to fifteen minutes. He did not meet him or anyone else thereafter.

Selzer was scheduled to be considered for tenure at a meeting of his department in January 1977. Instead he was charged with involvement in a "clandestine government organization." At the time Selzer was still pursuing his research in Israel. Despite a plea that his colleagues await his return before taking any action against him, they declared that "it is the position of the members of the Political Science Department [of Brooklyn College] that the standards and ethics that underlie membership in the academic community preclude any agreement by a faculty member to work secretly for a government intelligence gathering agency." (It is noteworthy that the statement did not say that such membership precludes turning classrooms into propaganda

pulpits for partisan political purposes.)

The meaning of the department's declaration depended, of course, on the phrase "to work secretly for a government intelligence gathering agency." As the department interpreted Selzer's case, if an American citizen abroad observed some group preparing to seize a neutron bomb or discovered a terrorist plot to destroy an American ship or plane and then went to the CIA or communicated with it, he would fall under the ban. With the exception of the only scholar in it of intellectual distinction, Dr. Dankworth Rustow, the department voted to recommend to President Kneller that Selzer be dismissed. In an unusual outbreak of common sense for an administrator in those years, Kneller refused to act on the recommendation, defending the right of Selzer to provide "open" information to the CIA. He rebuked the department for jumping to conclusions about any objectionable connection between Selzer and the CIA "without clear evidence."

Selzer kept his post until a few months later when he again came up for tenure. Although the department had voted a year previously to recommend his promotion to the rank of associate professor, they *now* voted to deny him tenure. He sued the department for violation of his civil rights and the jury awarded him damages of close to a half-million dollars. The legal costs of more than \$400,000 were also granted. Since Selzer's colleagues were city employees, the damages against them of almost a million dollars were to be defrayed by New York City taxpayers. The Corporation Counsel appealed to the Second Circuit Court, which by a vote of 2 to 1 reversed on a narrow technical ground, and the case was sent back to be retried. At this point the city, confronted by almost certain defeat, offered to settle for a considerable sum. Selzer had run out of resources, and was heavily in debt. Contemptuous of his colleagues and their motives, he agreed to accept the settlement and, anticipating a lifelong vendetta against him by his New Left colleagues, changed his profession for a better paying career. The officers of UCRA were loath to see him abandon his action, but in view of his family obligations we did not press him. To the end, he protested that he had been driven out of his profession because of his political views by a cabal of his colleagues.

The grounds on which the original jury judgment in Selzer's favor was reversed was one involving federal procedure in civil cases. The justices held, for reasons not persuasive to me, that "the jury instruction and the special interrogatory actually given were erroneous because they inquired solely as

to the *collective* actions of the defendants and failed to distinguish the cases of the individual defendants." A new trial could easily have remedied the oversight and the Corporation Counsel of New York realized it. That is why he was so eager to settle.

Judge Kaufman agreed with his two colleagues on the bench, but he also dissented. He not only wanted to reverse the judgment won by Selzer but to throw the case out of court altogether. In his own words, "I emphatically dissent from its decision to remand the case for a new trial." He engages in considerable specious reasoning to justify what appears as a gratuitous dis-

sent, and then betrays himself by declaring, "After all, Brooklyn College was seeking a scholar and teacher, not an espionage agent." His unconscious must have guided his pen: Selzer an "espionage agent"? Not even Selzer's colleagues dared make that explicit charge.

Of course, Judge Kaufman did not consciously intend his "objective judgment" in Selzer's case to have any bearing on how public opinion and especially left-wing opinion regarded him. But I can assure Judge Kaufman that the members of the department whom he unjustly sustained never forgave him for the sentence he passed on the Rosenbergs. Nor have any other

of the partisans of the Rosenbergs.

I have sometimes wondered in the light of developments in the Soviet Union since the Rosenbergs' death what would have happened if President Eisenhower had not rejected our plea that their sentence be commuted. By this time they probably would have been free. But how would the unfolding of events in the Soviet Union have affected them, the alleged Jewish Doctors' plot that almost resulted in mass calamities for Soviet Jewry, Stalin's death, Khrushchev's famous speech about Stalin's crimes, the suppression of the Hungarian Revolution, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the growth of semi-official

anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union and its satellites, the murderous attacks against the people of Afghanistan, the bankruptcy of the socialist economies, the revolution from the top in mainland China, and the Soviet Union reintroducing elements of capitalism? Perhaps the Rosenbergs would have experienced this succession of events, so palpably a betrayal of the ideals they professed, as a prolonged punishment. If Hobbes was right when he said that Hell is truth seen too late, their lives could not have been happy ones. Like so many of their comrades, all they would have left is a pervasive fanatical anti-Americanism on every issue and occasion. □

Victor Gold

ASIDE FROM THAT, SAM, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SPEECH?

If today's White House press corps had covered the Gettysburg Address . . .

As reported by the Washington Post: GETTYSBURG, Pa., Nov. 19—President Lincoln, in what White House aides billed as a "non-political" speech, dedicated a military cemetery here today before a sparse, unresponsive crowd estimated by local authorities at fewer than 300 people.

In a tactical move clearly designed by his political handlers to get a jump on Gen. George B. McClellan, his probable Democratic opponent next year, Mr. Lincoln made one of his rare trips outside Washington to visit this vote-rich keystone state. Judging by early reaction to his address, however, the White House strategy appears to have backfired. . . .

As covered by the New York Times: Not only was the President's address sharply criticized by political experts for being too brief, but he was completely upstaged by the main speaker of the day, the brilliant public orator, Edward Everett. Moreover, Mr. Lincoln's glaring failure even to mention McClellan or Gen. George C. Meade, the victorious Union commander at the battle fought here in July, cast doubt on

White House staff claims that the trip was purely non-political.

One veteran political observer, noting recent charges that the Lincoln Administration has created a "credibility gap" between itself and the public, termed the President's failure to mention the generals' names "a serious blunder that will come back to haunt him in next year's election."

As viewed by Time magazine:

According to an informed source, the President left the capital for Gettysburg without a prepared text and hurriedly scribbled his remarks on the back of an envelope en route to the cemetery site. Commented this source, who requested anonymity: "This is merely another example of the sloppy White House staff work that has plagued the Lincoln presidency since the day he took office."

Asked for comment, White House spokesman John Hay vehemently denied this report, insisting that the President had "worked over two drafts of the speech before he left Washington."

And reviewed by Newsweek:

While debate continued regarding the way in which the President's speech was drafted, there was nevertheless general agreement with the opinion rendered by a visiting professor of oratory from the University of Pennsylvania, who graded

Lincoln's performance "a D-minus, totally un-presidential."

And analyzed by Sam Donaldson on ABC News:

DONALDSON: "The president delivered his remarks in the same high-pitched, grating vocal style that has characterized his past public addresses. Another criticism, voiced by one Buck County farmer, was that, I quote, 'My family and I drove two hours in a wagon to hear the President of the United States speak. All we got for our trouble was a puny two-minute talk.' Unquote. Nor was this opinion isolated. An ABC exit poll of those leaving the cemetery following the President's speech found 86 percent rating it 'Poor,' only five percent rating it 'Average,' with nine percent 'Undecided.'"

And further examined by Elizabeth Drew, in the New Yorker:

"Mr. Lincoln remained unsmiling throughout his visit to this small eastern Pennsylvania village. Aides Hay and Nicolay claimed the President's solemn demeanor was simply 'appropriate to the occasion,' but knowledgeable Washington sources have indicated that serious problems in Mr. Lincoln's home life more likely account for his grim public visage in recent months. In line with this view, it was significant that

Mrs. Lincoln didn't accompany the President here."

And still further dissected by Chris Wallace on NBC News:

WALLACE: "Another significant absentee from the speakers platform was Vice President Hannibal Hamlin. Rumors persist that Mr. Lincoln plans to dump Mr. Hamlin as a running mate next year in favor of a Border State Democrat who could be more helpful in pursuing his campaign's so-called 'Southern strategy.'"

And last but not least, eviscerated by Dan Rather on CBS News:

RATHER: "The President, who hasn't held a major news conference in over two years, refused reporters' requests that he answer questions following his address. In the speech itself, Mr. Lincoln said that the men who died at Gettysburg gave their lives so that, I quote, 'this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

"That's what the man said. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Lincoln, who was elected three years ago on a pledge to preserve the Union, once again failed to provide details on any fresh Administration initiative to achieve this objective." □

Victor Gold is national correspondent for The American Spectator. He is co-author, along with Lynne Cheney, of the recently published Washington novel, The Body Politic.

Malcolm Gladwell

RISK, REGULATION, AND BIOTECHNOLOGY

The big challenge for genetic engineers isn't just in the laboratory. It's in winning the public's trust and the regulators' understanding.

It is inconceivable, of course, that one photograph could alter the direction of an entire industry, especially when it depicts nothing more than a woman walking through a strawberry patch.

And yet in the world of biotechnology, which in its short ten-year history has not always moved on the most rational of courses, the picture taken on April 24, 1987 of Julianne Lindemann walking through the strawberry fields of northern California has come to take on a strange and special significance.

On that day a small West Coast biotech firm—Advanced Genetic Sciences—became the first company ever to receive government approval to take a manmade organism out of the laboratory and release it in the open air. It was a simple experiment. A common bacteria modified by the tools of genetic engineering was sprayed on strawberry plants to protect them against frost. But coming after five years of controversy and regulatory review, after lawsuits from angry environmentalists and hostile ordinances from local city councils, it represented a milestone in the history of the biotech industry: for the first time the government had given its imprimatur to the fruits of gene manipulation. After years of being cast as mad scientists, the AGS test meant that the biotechnology industry had finally gained acceptance.

But the picture ruined everything. By some whim of the California health authority, Lindemann was made to wear what appeared to be a space suit, as if the bacteria she was spraying was radioactive, or as if the field on which she stood was the surface of the moon. Why she was made to wear such a ridiculous getup is anyone's guess, since of course if the bacteria was ruled safe

enough to be released into the environment then it was surely safe enough to be released by a scientist dressed like a normal human being. But even today, almost two years after the fact, there are those who will say that the effect of that picture, burned into the collective consciousness the following day on TV screens and newspapers around the world, was to contradict the entire exercise, to perpetuate the superstition that gene splicing was a strange and dangerous science to be carried out only under the most extreme precautions.

And as if the injustice of the image was not enough, they will also point to the gathered crowd of reporters and onlookers just a few feet behind Lindemann in the picture, munching on donuts, sipping coffee, and snapping away with cameras without any kind of protective gear at all.

In the twenty months since the Advanced Genetic Science's field test, a handful of other biotechnology companies have received the federal go-ahead to take their experiments out of doors. Some of the experiments have encountered the same degree of controversy as that first experiment. Some have been pulled off with a minimum of fuss. But all in some way have fallen under the shadow of that first test in a California strawberry patch.

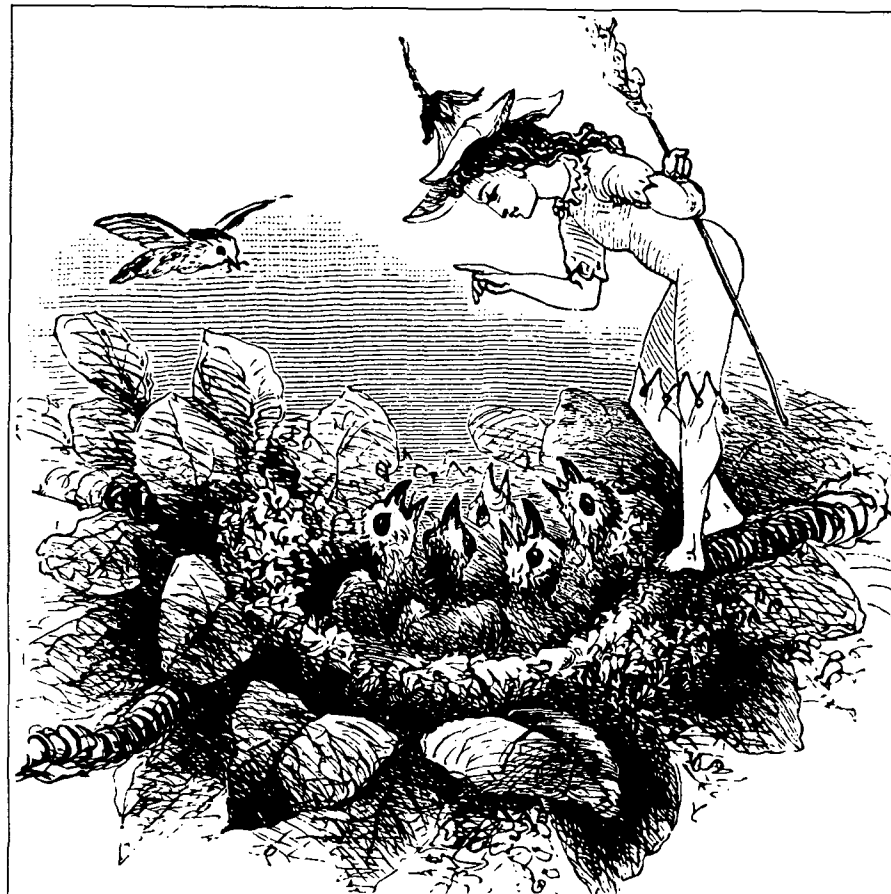
It is not that the biotech industry feels its attempts to seek practical applications for the products of the laboratory have been overregulated. In fact there is general agreement that the broad expanse of unexplored territory opened up by biotechnology demands some sort of close scrutiny. But there has always been a sense that in some

way the public perception of what biotechnology is, and what kind of regulations are required to control it, are out of sync with the actual risks presented by the technology itself.

Before any group of scientists can introduce some new creation into the world, they have to comply with a series of stringent and often confusing regulations involving two or even three separate government agencies. Some have had to defend their rights to conduct experiments in court against skeptical environmentalists, and at the very least to conduct extensive public relations campaigns to convince local communities that the genetically improved seeds or man-made micro-organisms conceived in a test tube will not run amok when released into the environment. Such efforts are deemed necessary in spite of overwhelming evidence that what is being created by the biotech industry is no more troubling or dangerous than the work with improving crops and chemicals that has gone on for years before. Indeed, the evidence is just as overwhelming that the toll taken by such oversight in time and money may be curtailing the growth of the industry itself.

This is true not just of the few dozen firms that have used the techniques of genetic engineering to improve crop agriculture but also those who are looking to improve livestock, to develop stronger and more useful strains of domestic animals. They too have said that their efforts have become the subject not of too much scrutiny but of scrutiny that has missed the mark. It is as if the public that has greeted the fruits of this new science and the researchers and tiny companies that have spawned it were somehow speaking in a different language.

It is as if all the industry were made to dress in space suits, even as they perform the most mundane of tasks and even as onlookers non-



Malcolm Gladwell, former assistant managing editor of The American Spectator, is a business reporter for the Washington Post.

chalantly sip their morning coffee and report on the brave new world of biotechnology for the evening news hour.

There are many reasons why this perceived incompatibility between the emerging field of biotechnology and the regulations that govern it should matter to Americans. The cliché that all of our lives may someday be touched by biotechnology may or may not be true, but it is certainly the case that what is now a small industry will someday be a large one, and whatever impediments are placed on the growth of U.S. firms will inevitably end up as advantages for the Japanese or the Germans or the British or whomever our competitors may someday be.

More importantly, however, how the emerging field of biotech is treated by the public and the appropriate authorities is a test case for how any new technology is greeted by society. With any new advance comes a necessary comparison of the risks presented by the new against the risks associated with the old, and the advantages of what is coming against what is already there. It is not clear that with biotechnology this has been done with any accuracy; at best it may be too soon to make that determination, as the regulatory wheels in Washington are still grinding; at worst we may have fashioned a system that both frustrates the growth of this promising technology and exposes the public to more dangers than would otherwise be the case.

Few stories better demonstrate the problems inherent in the present regulatory system than that of Gary Strobel, the Montana State University researcher who ran afoul of the public and regulatory authorities in the summer of 1987. In June of that year, Strobel independently injected a small group of elm trees on the MSU campus with a natural bacterium that has proved effective in protecting trees in the laboratory against Dutch Elm disease. Because the bacterium had been modified slightly by genetic means to make it more effective against the deadly Dutch Elm fungus, this was, for the purposes of federal authorities, a biotechnology experiment. And when the Environmental Protection Agency found out that Strobel had conducted his test without clearing it with the agency first and having its environmental impact reviewed by a panel of experts, he was sharply reprimanded and a year-long restriction on his research activities was imposed. Perhaps worse, he became the target for all those nervous about biotech's future. There were calls by some of his peers for the "book" to be thrown at him for reck-

lessly endangering the public safety, and the clump of trees on which he performed his experiment was summarily cut down and burned.

There are several points worth making about Strobel's crime and punishment: To begin with, the rule he defied in not registering his test with the authorities is less a single standard than one part of a confusing patchwork of three separate sets of rules. Consider the questions Strobel had to answer before beginning his war on Dutch Elm disease. The Department of Agriculture has rules about outdoor

true. As of the June 26, 1986 Federal Register, pages 23302-23393, the EPA has its own rules and Strobel's test fell within them. For not being familiar with that redefinition, Strobel was punished. As he would say later, "You almost have to be a lawyer before you can be a scientist."

Strobel was also punished even though almost no one believed that the bacterium he was injecting into his trees posed any general threat to the environment. As the EPA officials responsible for disciplining Strobel said, in a kind of grand bureaucratic

inoculated them had kept them alive. Had the experiment been a failure, there would have been no clump of trees for investigators to discover, and no evidence of Strobel's apparent crime. In what may be the ultimate irony of the sad story of the destruction wrought by Dutch Elm disease in this country, Strobel's trees, too, were arrested for resisting arrest.

Several months later Strobel was brought before the Senate to testify about his act of disobedience and about the new possibility of reform. It is impossible to read his testimony without getting a sense of his indignation. Here in a country where there are thousands of toxic waste dumps and where millions of tons of chemicals are dumped on American cropland every year in the name of better agriculture, a man had his work destroyed for trying to find a cure for Dutch Elm disease without a permit.

"Some of the scientific and technological problems that our nation faces are extremely difficult to handle," Strobel told the Senate. "On top of this we have imposed a sea of regulatory actions by a myriad of federal agencies with conflicting definitions. The entire effect is one that is absolutely impossible for a scientific researcher (especially one in a small business or academic institution) to comprehend and to follow on a regular basis. . . . As one who has suffered the consequences of this complex system I feel that the time has come for sweeping changes in how we think about biotechnology and how we regulate it."

Biotech's regulatory problem is the product of the extraordinary expectations that have been swirling around the industry since the first human gene was synthesized and cloned more than a decade ago. From the beginning, the highest of claims were made for the new powers that were suddenly at the disposal of scientists. This was a tool, the public was told, that would transform the world. By the time small start-up companies began to form in the early 1980s to exploit the new technologies, to discover new drugs, or to create new strains of agricultural crops, biotechnology was a magic word among investors. Random groups of biologists, thrown together by entrepreneurs without any clear idea about what they would be producing or even when they could produce it, were able to raise millions from venture capitalists and millions more from the stock market entirely on the strength of the magical words genetic engineering.

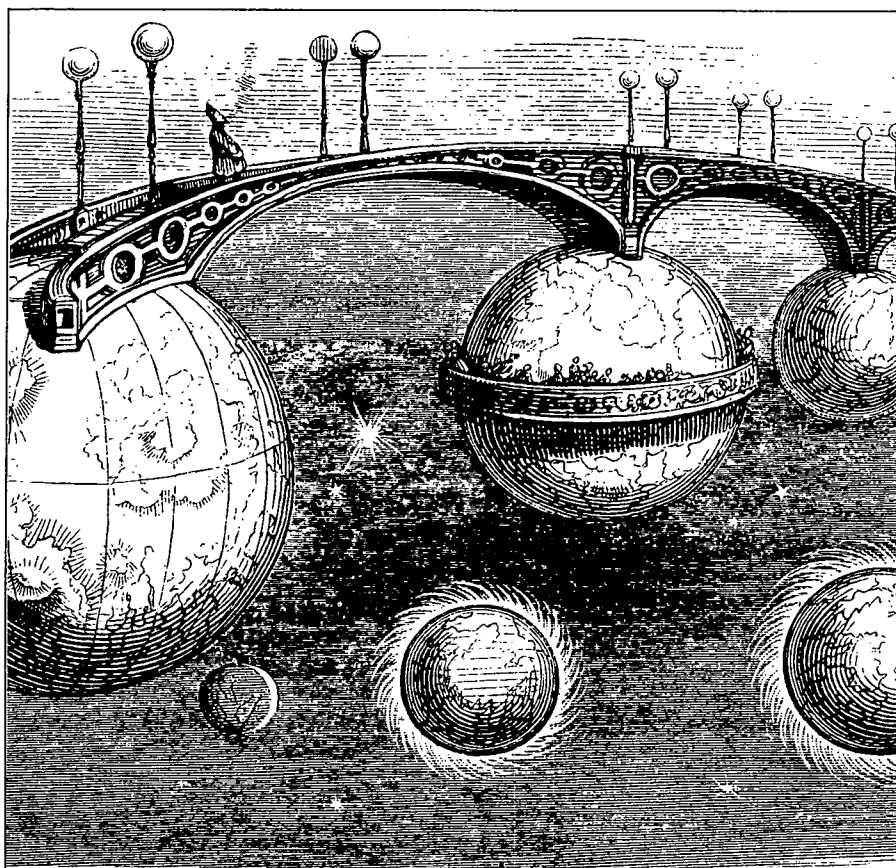
At the same time the promises made on behalf of the new science attracted an active group of critics, regulators, environmentalists, and concerned citizens

The picture taken on April 24, 1987, of Julianne Lindemann walking through the strawberry fields of northern California has come to take on a strange and special significance.

tests. Did they apply to Strobel? Not so, he found out: In the case of using bacteria to control a plant disease, USDA rules apply only to test sites of over ten acres. Strobel's was smaller than that. Then there are general principles laid down by the National Institutes of Health defining what is and what is not an experiment worthy of regulation. Did *they* apply to Strobel? Apparently not, for his bacterium contained no manmade DNA ligations. Finally, the EPA has jurisdiction over some types of outdoor experiments. But Strobel assumed that the EPA followed the NIH's general guidelines for outdoor tests, but that is no longer

doublethink, the decision to punish him was based upon his "failure to comply with agency regulations and policies, rather than because of any adverse effect this experiment may have." To translate, he was guilty of breaking rules designed to protect the environment even though he wasn't actually endangering the environment. He was arrested for resisting arrest.

It bears mentioning, although few bothered to at the time, that Strobel's experiment—at least in its preliminary stages—was a success. Strobel was able to cut down and burn his trees in the wake of the EPA investigation only because the bacterium with which he had



who saw in the claims made for biotechnology a series of unanswered questions: How safe is it to introduce genetically improved, manmade organisms into an environment that has evolved over millions of years? And if this new science will someday have an impact on all of society, then shouldn't all of society have a say in how it is developed?

These questions were raised perhaps most famously in Cambridge, Massachusetts in the spring of 1976, when the city council took the scientists at Harvard University to task for conducting some of the pioneering experiments in genetic engineering without first informing the community. "This is a serious matter," said Cambridge mayor Alfred Velluci at the time. "If worse comes to worst, we could have a major disaster on our hands." Velluci, a populist type who once proposed solving the Cambridge parking problem by paving over Harvard Yard, made repeated references to Frankenstein during the debate, as a way of expressing his fears over the possible outcome of experiments then underway in the Harvard biology department to clone the human gene for insulin.

There is nothing wrong with the questions that Velluci and many since his time have raised in response to the biotechnology revolution. The problem is that the revolution itself isn't really a revolution at all, and that the claims that many of the new technology's critics have responded to have had more in common with the industry's press releases than with reality. This isn't to say that someday the ability to take natural substances, to copy them, or to manipulate their genetic makeup, or even to create new life forms entirely, won't profoundly alter American society and require stringent oversight to protect the public from undue environmental risk. But for the moment much of the furor over biotech is over a technological straw man.

In the area of drug research, for example, biotech's big breakthrough has been to use the body as a pharmacy, locating natural human proteins with therapeutic value, cloning them, and then re-introducing them to the body as drugs. The first human protein to be identified and cloned was insulin, which was then re-administered to diabetics. But insulin cloned from humans has turned out to be only marginally more effective—and slightly more expensive—than the purified pig's insulin that had been given to diabetics previously. The same is true for TPA, another of the early biotech products, a natural anti-blood clot protein that has been copied for use in unplugging blocked arteries in heart attack victims. Billed

as biotech's first blockbuster drug, TPA is in fact only slightly better and much more expensive than traditional chemical remedies for heart attacks. Other promising cloned proteins are more cost effective than insulin or TPA, but few—at this point anyway—are the miracle drugs that genetic engineering was to bring to the benefit of Americans.

In the area of agriculture, biotechnology probably will bring dramatic changes—bigger and more productive farm animals, more effective and environmentally sound pesticides, improved crop strains with larger yields. But on closer examination, the so-called agricultural revolution is no more a revolution than biotech's entry into the pharmaceutical world. In most cases, for example, the organisms being created and cloned are actually only mild variations of micro-organisms that already exist in the environment. Strobel's Dutch Elm disease vaccine was a bacterium found on various leaves around the world and modified so that it could be injected into elm saplings. A number of biotech firms have begun experiments attempting to protect corn plants from their biggest pest—a caterpillar known as the European corn borer—using modified versions of a bacterium that is already used in another form as a pesticide. Even the much ballyhooed bacterium sprayed on the California strawberry field is of a family of bacteria that have been protecting plants from frost for millions of years.

To be sure, the variations created by genetic engineering on these familiar micro-organisms are entirely new. But many scientists stress that what is new isn't necessarily harmful, although it may raise a series of legitimate and sometimes difficult questions. According to principles developed by Harvard's Bernard Davis, genetically engineered micro-organisms (GEMs), like domesticated farm species, are not particularly apt to outsurvive unmanipulated species already present in an environment. And because nature is already so diverse, GEMs will not likely add significant amounts of genetic variation to the environment.

Besides, isn't that what genetic engineers are attempting with plants and other living organisms—transferring the genes of one to another, modifying the structure of life forms to suit changing environmental conditions—the same thing that has always been done by other means by scientists and farmers and indeed nature itself?

"The risks associated with the introduction of R-DNA engineered organisms are the same in kind as those associated with the introduction into the environment of unmodified organisms and organisms modified by other

genetic techniques," a National Academy of Sciences panel stated in a white paper a year and a half ago.

Or, as one letter to a Cambridge newspaper on the Harvard debate put it: "We are amazed that anyone should express concern about the creation of a laboratory at Harvard to experiment with new life forms. A look around Harvard Square at nearly any time of day or night reveals life forms sufficiently grotesque to convince us it is already too late for such protest."

The way the regulations governing biotech tests currently stand, companies and researchers must apply to the EPA first for permission to conduct a small scale, one- or two-acre experiment. And then, if that test is judged to have been ecologically acceptable—not threatening the existing eco-system or spreading beyond the target site—the EPA grants a permit for a full-scale experiment. Along

the way, if their bacterium is classified by the U.S. Department of Agriculture as a "genetically engineered plant pest," they would have to get approval from that agency, as well as inform the National Institutes of Health of their activity.

To date, the biotech community has faced most of its difficulty in passing the first step of this review process. While chemical companies have for years been able to test their pesticide prototypes without government approval, two of the early proposals for tests of genetically engineered bacteria were rejected by the EPA, despite what the industry said was overwhelming evidence of the tests' safety. One biotech firm in Maryland, Crop Genetics International, was so nervous about how its applications for testing a bio-engineered corn pesticide would be treated by the authorities that it spent close to \$8 million conducting safety tests and signed former EPA Chief William Ruckelshaus, eminence

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grise Elliot Richardson, and Bush adviser Robert Teeter to a special "Committee on Social Responsibility" to convince federal regulators of their commitment to playing by the rules.

To be fair, the situation can only improve. Crop Genetics and Advanced Genetics Sciences and the other biotech firms, in requesting permission to test, so far have been pioneers, presenting the EPA with an entirely new set of questions and problems. They have had to do more than their successors will. As well, it was not until last summer that the National Academy of Sciences and the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment weighed in with reports downplaying some of the concerns that had inhibited the EPA. The OTA was particularly blunt: "None of the small-scale field tests proposed or probable within the next several years are likely to result in an environmental problem that would be widespread or difficult to control. . . . Small-scale field tests are likely to be the only way potential risks from commercial-scale uses of genetically engineered organisms can be evaluated."

Even the EPA itself has now suggested that at some time in the near future, the go-ahead for field tests should be given entirely by community-based bio-safety committees, instead of being reviewed centrally by the EPA office in Washington.

Still, it is not clear that the problems that have surrounded biotech regulations are entirely over. Even as the EPA was suggesting that some oversight responsibility be delegated to local safety committees last summer, they were also drafting a new set of strict regulations covering a different category of tests involving the use of genetically engineered micro-organisms under the Toxic Substances Review Act.

What the EPA proposed was that federal oversight be extended to categories of commercial and industrial uses of micro-organisms that had not previously been covered by regulations. In some cases the proposals suggested that scientists conducting tests be required to answer no less than thirty-five questions to the satisfaction of the EPA before being permitted to go ahead with research. The rules are still under discussion and in fact prompted a fierce summer-long battle between the EPA and opponents of the rules throughout the federal bureaucracy, who claimed that the EPA was attempting to extend regulations to cover work that did not even remotely pose any safety or environmental threats.

What this says about the state of biotech regulation, however, is already painfully clear. "EPA's regulatory approach is at odds with the philosophy adopted by the FDA, USDA, National Science Foundation, and National In-

stitutes of Health, as well as the government's position at the OECD [Organization of Economic Coordination and Development]," one of the industry's trade associations said in a statement last summer. Not even the government itself can decide what kind of risk is posed to the environment by genetic engineering.

There are other issues that continue to plague the biotech industry. For example, the OTA and some federal authorities have given their

genetically engineered pesticides match up against chemicals that contaminate groundwater and lay waste to lab rats.

But in this, the biotech industry has not always been successful. In a press release last spring, for example, Crop Genetics International, the Maryland company with a new idea for protecting corn from caterpillar infestation, pointed out that one of the advantages of a genetically engineered corn pesticide was that the chemical currently used to protect corn from caterpillars has the unintended side effect of killing 2.5 million birds annually,

Biotech's regulatory problem is the product of the extraordinary expectations that have been swirling around the industry since the first human gene was synthesized and cloned more than a decade ago.

blessing to small-scale experiments. But how will regulators react when a biotech firm wants to jump from a relatively innocuous one-acre test to an experiment covering several hundred acres? And is throwing responsibility for approving tests to community-based safety committees really an advance? Some industry officials worry that this would simply make regulation more capricious, with parts of the country less convinced of the merits of biotechnology and making life worse for the industry than it was under the previous system. What would happen, after all, if Mayor Velluci and his visions of Frankenstein were on a local bio-safety committee?

The solution for biotechnology obviously must lie with more careful collection of data and gradual lifting of the regulatory umbrella as the risks become better known. There must also be a careful assessment of how the risks involved with biotechnology compare with the risks inherent in the methods and technology it replaces, how

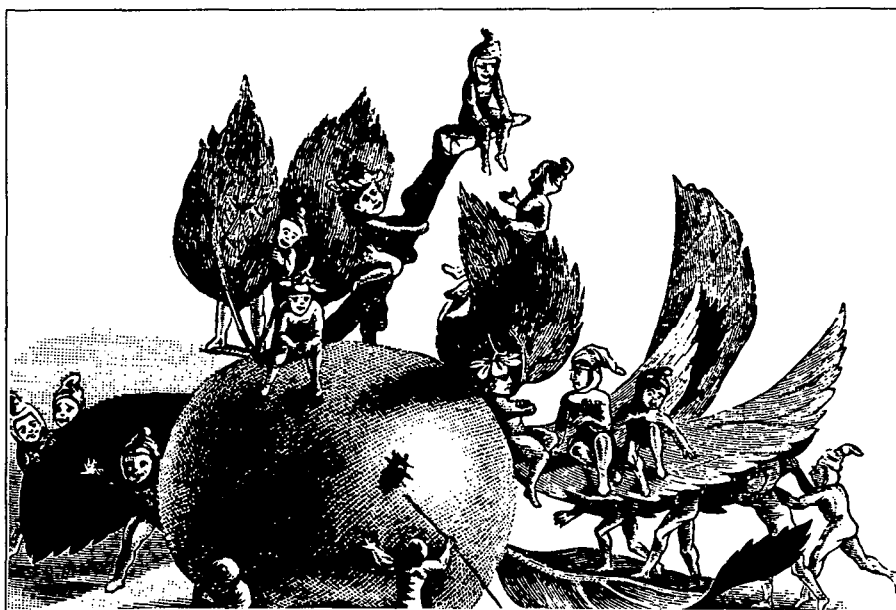
among them the endangered bald eagle.

There was nothing untruthful about the CGI press release. At worst it was impolitic, pointing out an uncomfortable truth about the environmental toll that chemically based agriculture takes on the environment. But when word of the release came back to CGI's heavyweight panel on social responsibility, Ruckelshaus and three others on the committee quit, along with the company's lawyer. There were rumors subsequently that the company that makes the pesticide had put pressure on Crop Genetics, and that some members of the committee had important ties to the chemical industry they wished to protect. But the gist of the whole affair was always crystal clear. Like so many others who have weighed in on the biotech debate over the past few years, Ruckelshaus and company's sense of social responsibility extended to making biotech safe for the world. It did not extend to making the world safe for birds.

There are other areas, beyond the question of releasing genetically engineered organisms, where the regulation of biotechnology has appeared to turn more on emotional and political issues than on an accurate perception of risk. When the U.S. Patent Office in early 1988 first granted a patent for a genetically altered animal, the decision raised a storm of protest and calls for a moratorium on animal patents from some religious leaders, legislators, and biotechnology's traditional critics in the environmental community. But the rational connection between the group's disquiet over animal research and their calls for a patent moratorium was never clear. A patent, after all, is simply one of a number of legal tools an inventor can use to protect the fruits of his labor. Without patents, the industry made clear, the commercialization of animal research would simply go forward by other means: technological advances once made public would be kept as trade secrets, or buyers would be bound by legal contracts to respect intellectual property that the patent law would not. In short, while the arguments made by biotech's critics about the unanswered moral questions raised by pressing forward with genetic research with animals may well be sound, the expression of that concern was not. The would-be regulator had missed the mark. The industry, though clad in a ridiculous space suit, was lumbering on.

The debate about biotechnology, as essayist Lewis Thomas wrote in the *New England Journal of Medicine* some years ago, "has become an emotional issue, with too many irretrievably lost tempers on both sides. It has lost the sound of a discussion of technological safety, and now begins to sound like something else, almost like a religious controversy . . ."

There is nothing especially unique about this kind of public policy debate in American life, of course. It is news to no one that the allocation of public resources often has less to do with maximizing the health and welfare of Americans than with responding to regulatory whims and imagined threats to health and safety. Still, with biotechnology, there seems to be a special imperative to decipher just where the true risk lies, and what it is the public deserves to be protected from. At the moment the stakes are simply strawberries that survive the nip of frost and a reprieve for the country's elm trees. But there may come a time when biotechnology moves beyond these early experiments to more profound manipulation of plant and animal life. What will happen then? □



EUROPEAN DOCUMENT



KRISTALLNACHT REFLECTIONS

by L. H. Gann

Fifty years ago, on November 10, 1938, I stood with a crowd that watched the main synagogue in Mainz as it went up in flames. The world was upside down. Far from attending to their duties, German firefighters stood around the Temple, looking sheepishly and with obvious embarrassment at a conflagration they were not allowed to extinguish. Six weeks later, my brother and I left our native city. I only returned in 1945, this time wearing the uniform of a sergeant in a British regiment.

Kristallnacht, once for me a half-suppressed private memory, became this past November a public occasion—covered by programs on public television, sermons, concerts, panel discussions, speeches, research projects. Few events in Germany's march toward barbarism have been better documented. Yet as I watched these television programs, they were curiously remote; they seemed to describe events in another country in another world. What was missing? I can only answer according to my own recollections, distorted through fading memories, and the perusal of many books and articles published many years thereafter.

Kristallnacht was a German, as well as a Jewish, catastrophe. This is how it seemed to that crowd of onlookers who stared in bewilderment at the burning Temple. Mainz, a middle-sized Rhinish town, was not of course typical of German cities at the time. Mainz was mainly Catholic. Those citizens who had not voted for the Catholic Center party in the last semi-free elections in 1933 had included many Social Democrats. Nazi voters had formed but a minority. Mainz had a reputation for tolerance. Certainly among the bystanders in Mainz who watched the Temple burn, there was no merriment. Far from it! It was terror by order from above. The crowd, as I remember it, was not only embarrassed but incredulous and filled with gloomy forebodings. "Their temples today—our

churches tomorrow"; such seemed to me the prevalent mood.

For German Jews, of course, *Kristallnacht* was more than a tale of arson, arrests, suicides, and murder. It was the end of the world. Ten years earlier, it would not have occurred to the average German Jew or so-called non-Aryan (a person of partially Jewish descent, or a Jew converted to Christianity) that a person could not be, at the same time, a Jew and a German. *Kristallnacht* broke the link. My father was then in England. After *Kristallnacht* was over, it therefore fell to my mother, a trained lawyer, a stickler for law, order, and good governance, to surrender the sword that my father had gained as a combat officer in World War I—this in compliance with that never-ending flood of official ordinances specifically designed to make life hellish for Jews. The police officer who received the sword was as embarrassed and apologetic as my mother was distressed. But what could he do?

What could he do? What could they all do? I was later asked that question many times when I went to grammar school in England, and thereafter. Television programs nowadays are apt

to give a mistaken impression of contemporary moods, and to read present-day sensitivities into another era. It was not true that the whole world stood horrified at what happened in Germany. Far from it. How often did I hear, in England, observations such as the following: "You refugees whine and snivel. But why did you not defend your freedom when you had a chance? Now you tell us hard-luck stories, and expect the British Army to do your fighting for you. The British Army has better things to do." Such remarks were addressed to me not only as a Jew but also as a German. I had no answer then. I have found none since.

What exactly perished at *Kristallnacht*? What perished was a specific culture that combined German with Jewish legacies, and made a considerable impact on German intellectual life. This culture has not been recreated. West Germany's Jewry, as reconstituted after World War II, has played but a small role. And what did the so-called German-Jewish symbiosis entail? The answer is not easy to give—except that the role therein of the

Weimar intelligentsia has been much exaggerated in retrospect. The average German Jew in 1933 was not a rabbi, a psychiatrist, a banker, a professor, or a writer. No occupational breakdown exists of that ill-documented group of non-Aryans. Between them, these German marranos amounted to about half a million people—their very existence bore witness to the far-reaching integration that had been achieved between Jews and Germans at the time. Overwhelmingly, they formed part of the middle class.

In addition, Germany in 1933 contained half a million Jews, registered as such by reason of their religious affiliation. In 1933 only about 12.5 percent made their living in the public services or the professions—and most of those in a quite modest capacity, as provincial lawyers, general medical practitioners, pharmacists, nurses, teachers, and suchlike. Nearly one quarter (23.1 percent) were artisans or industrial workers. Sixty-one-point-three percent were employed in commerce—a large percentage of them as owners of small stores, or as commercial travelers, accountants, bookkeepers.

Overall, these German Jewish businessmen—small or large—had a bad press, not merely from anti-Semites but also from some Jewish critics. Zionists deplored the Jews' preoccupation with commerce, and called for a "healthier" form of occupational stratification. Radicals, from Karl Marx to Kurt Tucholsky, jeered at the merchants as philistines and humbugs, or caricatured them (as Tucholsky did in his cartoon figure of Wendriner, a comic yet repulsive Stock Exchange Jew). Yet this Jewish bourgeoisie and petty bourgeoisie deserved a better hearing than they usually got. A critique of Tucholsky on Wendriner's part would certainly have been fun to read. Wendriner and his friends in the local *Liedertafel* (glee club), or *Turnerschaft* (gymnastic association), or veterans league, or *Stammtisch* (the table set aside for regulars in the local pub), were better integrated into German life, and altogether more cheerful, than the



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intellectuals assumed. Wendriner and company were not as introspective and troubled as the literati. "Herr" Wendriner, even "Herr Kommerzienrat" Wendriner, simply did not read those monographs produced by the Frankfurt School of Sociology or by Marxians, Freudians, and Adlerians that have received so much publicity since. Who is to say that Wendriner missed much?

What of those super-assimilated German Jews, denounced as *Kaiserjuden*, "Imperial Jews," men proud of their reserve officers' commission, German patriots to the core? They have likewise had a bad press: they had neither foresight nor common sense nor a true feeling of ethnic identity; surely, they must have realized what was coming.

I myself do not think much of such

criticisms, many of them made with the benefit of hindsight. Germany's road need not necessarily have led into the Third Reich. The assimilated German Jew, the *Yekke* in Israeli parlance, did, however, have problems of a special kind. Heine, in one of his poems, made fun of those Prussians who walked so stiffly as if they had swallowed the corporal's cane with which they had once been beaten. Heine might with equal

justice have written about the assimilated German Jews. They had internalized the values of that enlightened and reformist German bureaucracy that had emancipated them toward the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century. They were a remarkable lot, committed to the *Rechtsstaat*, hard-working, conscientious, enterprising, and patriotic. *Kristallnacht* was the end for them all. □

THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA



THE DEBT PRESIDENCY

by Irwin M. Stelzer

Debt. That's the word President-elect Bush is likely to hear most often in his meetings with his economic advisers before he is sworn in on January 20. He will hear it in discussions of Third World problems, corporate restructurings, and America's budget deficit.

Third World Debt

Secretary of State-designate James Baker is no stranger to Third World debt. As Ronald Reagan's Secretary of the Treasury he devised the so-called Baker plan, offering debtors new loans and easier terms in return for promises to bring public spending under control, reduce the size of the public sector (i.e. privatization), and adopt a host of other free-market reforms.

Baker will undoubtedly urge Bush to continue pushing this plan. Given his eminence as the next Secretary of State and as the President-elect's closest adviser, Baker should prevail, at least for a while. But three problems lurk not far beneath the surface.

The first is that debtor countries are increasingly reluctant to adopt the economic reforms that Baker sees as the necessary predicate to new bank loans. Mexico, the recent recipient of a new \$3.5 billion U.S. government loan (Reagan cares more about the impact of low oil prices in Mexico than in the U.S., charged the Independent Petro-

leum Association of America), is about to swear in a president who faces a powerful left-wing opposition calling for repudiation of past debts. Argentina, only recently arrived in the democratic camp after years of misrule by a military junta, is witnessing the resurgence of Peronism; the leader of that movement, Carlos Menem, also wants to renege on his country's debts. And Venezuela is about to elect as its new president a self-styled populist whose claim to fame is that, when last in office, he nationalized the country's oil industry. No instinctive privatizer, Carlos Andres Perez has been telling

American bankers, in a series of private meetings (one was arranged for him in Boston by his admirers, the Kennedys), that his resource-rich country simply cannot afford to meet its existing obligations.

A second problem for the Baker plan is an emerging consensus among liberal academics and Democratic congressmen that some form of debt forgiveness, rather than a new payment stretch-out, is required. This group, led by Senator Bill Bradley (already considered a leading prospect for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1992), argues that debt forgiveness is

necessary to prevent social upheaval in debtor countries, and to enable them to buy more American goods.

A third problem facing Baker is that bank lenders are not enthusiastic about making new loans to debtor countries. For one thing, they no longer believe these countries' promises to get their economic houses in order. For another, they no longer accept the notion that foreign governments are safe risks because they never default. The banks now know better—Brazil and Peru for a long time suspended interest payments—and even in the absence of defaults, loans to foreign governments often can be sold only at substantial discounts (up to 80 percent) from face value.

Corporate Debt

Perhaps an even more important factor in the banks' reluctance to make new loans to debtor countries is the emergence of a more profitable alternative: the financing of leveraged buy-outs. George Bush will be under pressure from the business establishment and from Congress to restrict bank participation in such deals, and to take other steps to reduce the number of takeovers. There is already talk at Wall Street luncheon tables that Senator Bob Dole has expressed a willingness to consider merger-discouraging changes in the tax laws, such as ending the deductibility of interest paid for money borrowed to finance takeovers.

These proposals reflect two underlying ideas. The first, and one worth careful consideration, is that the deductibility of interest payments makes debt excessively attractive in financing Amer-



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ica's corporations. A company borrowing money at 11 percent has an after-tax cost of about 7.26 percent; it would have to pay investors twice as much to get them to part with equity capital. So an argument can be made (I won't bore everyone with the counter-arguments) that eliminating the tax-deductible feature of debt would remove the artificial incentive corporate managers now have to rely on debt financing. The second idea, if it can be called that, is that America's corpocrats see hostile takeovers as a threat to their perquisite-laden life-styles, and ultimately to their jobs. Since many such takeovers are financed by heavy borrowing, America's corpocracy would like to see that borrowing become more expensive.

Bush's natural inclination will be to ignore business leaders' requests to rein in these deals. After all, the ratio of debt to equity in American corporations (75 percent) is still well below the 106 percent level reached in the 1974 bear market, and shares of highly leveraged companies continue to out-perform the averages. But he will have to give weight to Federal Reserve Board Chairman Alan Greenspan's recently expressed concerns.

In October Greenspan sent a letter to Senator William Proxmire (retiring chairman of the Senate Banking Committee) informing him that "the Federal Reserve Board . . . has cautioned banks . . . that they should . . . examine the prospects for LBO loans under a range of economic and financial circumstances." His concern appears to be that a recession might reduce borrowers' cash flow to such a point that, like Third World debtors before them, they will be unable to meet their interest payments, perhaps threatening the solvency of some banks. One banker says that "three or four banks . . . have over 50 percent of their LBO paper in retail companies," which he rates "the most risky because they're cash flow sensitive, with not a lot of assets behind the debt."

One must always respect Greenspan's judgment—he was, after all, decisive and, more important, right in moving to expand credit in the face of the October 1987 stock market debacle. But close examination of the available data suggests that he will ultimately decide that the words of caution he has already spoken are sufficient for two reasons. First, the markets are already taking corrective measures: lenders are demanding stiffer terms, and some have closed their books on these loans altogether. Second, banks are not really over-exposed. A major investment bank, working with data from the Federal Reserve Board and the *American Banker*, has provided some interesting numbers, in return for a promise of anonymity. In 1987, 9.1 per-

cent of all commercial bank loans went to LBO borrowers. This means that, *on average*, the banks have not allowed LBO loans to become too prominent in their portfolios. Of course, some individual banks may be over-exposed to LBO loans, just as some Texas banks—but not the banking system as a whole—were brought to ruin by an over-weighting of energy loans in their portfolios.

Here is where we may get some idea of Bush's policy preferences. If he is the pragmatist that some conservatives fear him to be, he may decide to intervene to avoid the possibility that a few banks may run into trouble. He will, after all, have at his elbow Jim Baker, who specializes in trying to manage currency markets, and also Secretary of the Treasury Nicholas Brady, who thinks stock markets should be closed if they rise or fall too much. Not exactly a committed band of free marketeers.

But if Bush indeed has a visceral feeling in favor of letting entrepreneurs take risks in pursuit of profit, and bear the consequences of any bad judgments, he will let the LBO game run its course. If the banks think the returns warrant the risks associated with these merger deals, they should be left free to make the necessary capital available (subject, of course, to such restrictions as the Federal Reserve Board may impose to ensure the banking system's solvency).

National Debt

Finally, the President-elect will have to contend with nervous international bankers and finance ministers. U.K. Chancellor Nigel Lawson, sitting atop a growing budget surplus, has already renewed his unsolicited warnings to America that its continuing budget deficit could eventually cause a run on the dollar, and force it to raise interest rates to recession-producing levels. Like the Democrats, and some Doleful Republicans, international finance ministers would like Bush to raise taxes. Morgan Stanley's Byron Wien recently visited European money managers

and noted "a consistently expressed suspicion that the economic problems facing the United States will grow worse over the next year . . ." Foreign investors, he reports, fear the consequences of "the long period of overspending by U.S. consumers and the federal government . . ." Some cut in spending and increase in taxes—almost all Europeans with whom I meet favor higher gasoline taxes in the U.S. on the misery-loves-company theory—is, in this view, clearly required.

Bush has asked us to read his lips. But this is easier than reading his mind, wherein thoughts about some compromise with Congress may be lurking—witness the chummy meetings the President-elect has held with House Speaker Jim Wright. After all, the world's money men have already fired a shot across the Bush bow: they sold the dollar down immediately after his election. And, by initially refusing to intervene, the Japanese central bank let it be known that it could not be counted on, indefinitely, to support the dollar in the absence of some move by the new administration to stanch the flow of red ink.

Everyone agrees that what is needed is a bipartisan, *credible* long-term plan for reducing the budget deficit. The problem is that such a plan has no independent existence: it is not a magic formula, waiting to be discovered. Rather, a deficit reduction plan, if one could be found, would reflect a consensus on how the nation's resources should be allocated between defense and social programs, and between current consumption and saving. Ronald Reagan and Jim Wright didn't disagree about bookkeeping: they disagreed about whether resources should be spent on the Strategic Defense Initiative and the Nicaraguan contras, on the one hand, or middle-income entitlements and bailing out Texas savings and loan associations, on the other.

Clearly, no consensus on deficit reduction exists. In its absence, Bush's proposed (and, so far, suitably vague) "flexible freeze" may provide the only

available route through the budget thicket. If all recipients of federal largesse more or less continue to get what they have been getting (with perhaps a bit, too small to notice, shaved off in real terms), and if the economy keeps growing at a real annual rate of anything like 3 percent, the increase in government revenues should begin to whittle away the deficit. Such gradual reduction of the deficit should encourage foreign investors to continue to lend the U.S. the money it needs to finance the deficit, on reasonable terms.

There are, of course, several problems with this scenario. For one thing, it assumes that Congress is prepared to keep social spending more or less constant in real terms. With Bush himself calling for an expanded war on drugs, stepped-up help for AIDS sufferers, a so-called day-care program, and greater environmental protection, the upward trend in social spending is likely to continue. All this, while a multibillion dollar savings and loan time bomb is ticking in the closet. So, if Bush holds the line on taxes—which is far from certain—military spending will have to bear the brunt of any deficit-reduction program.

Remember: like Dukakis, Bush called for greater "burden sharing" during the campaign. This means that Europe and Japan will be asked to increase their defense expenditures so that we may reduce ours. But, with Europe enthralled by Gorbachev's "reforms"—the Germans are rushing in with credits to finance their new-found friends, Berlin Wall or no Berlin Wall—our allies are unlikely to increase the portion of their GNPs devoted to defense. This will give us an excuse to cut back our overseas commitments: in the interests of balancing our budget we may increase the imbalance of military power in the world.

In short, when Bush confronts the three debts—Third World, corporate, and national—he will be confronting most of the important issues of his presidency. Third World debt will force him to choose between those who would improve the lot of debtor nations by forgiving past loans, and those who feel that genuine economic salvation requires replacement of statist with free-market economies. Corporate debt will force him to choose between greater regulation of entrepreneurial risk-taking, and a hands-off policy that may produce a few spectacular bankruptcies. And national debt will force him to decide on his priorities—on how to allocate the nation's limited resources among competing claimants. So we should soon know more about our new President's basic philosophy—if, indeed, he has one. □



EMINENTOES



EXPERIENCED CONSERVATIVES FOR BUSH

by Edwin Feulner

To specify criteria on who should play which roles in the new administration would be presumptuous and unfair. But it's clear that by calling on the best and brightest that contemporary conservatism has to offer, George Bush has a golden opportunity to broaden and deepen the conservative intellectual revolution that has been the wellspring for record-long economic expansion, restoring U.S. military strength, and turning Communist advances of the seventies into the democratic advances of the eighties.

Will the President-elect dance with the conservatives who brought him to the Inaugural Ball? Some conservatives are understandably uneasy, and for reasons that go beyond their well-known fear that they could be ignored in favor of Nixon-Ford-style Republicans. Since the New Deal, Washington has been the headquarters of the world's biggest welfare state—not exactly a natural stomping ground for champions of limited government and free markets. Most conservatives are disdainful of the federal bureaucracy, congressional inquisitions, and (by their standards) low salaries. To them, serving in the federal government is a pain justified only by the very ideological commitment that antagonizes the establishment.

Nonetheless, the last eight years have shown that conservatives can not only analyze policy but change it. The Reagan era has bred a new generation of *competent* ideologues, and the depth and breadth of the conservative revolution will depend on whether their influence rises during the Bush years. In picking Dan Quayle, at 41 one of the Senate's staunchest conservatives, Bush said he was "reaching out to a new generation." If that attitude governs the rest of his appointments, he will have a chance to translate the ideological revolution of the seventies and eighties into the policy revolution of the nineties. Certainly a major stride in that direction was the selection of

another hard-charging champion of conservatism, 49-year-old John Sununu, as chief of staff.

For Bush, there is a new generation to reach out to. In the last fifteen years, conservatives have generated virtually all the new ideas to be found in the political arenas of both America and Europe. If there has been anything comparable coming from the left since the New Left was laughed into oblivion in the mid-seventies, it has escaped my attention. The left has done little over the last twenty years but reduce Hubert Humphrey's politics of joy to the politics of gloom. Radical-chic relics have fled to redoubts in the media, the universities, popular culture, and the federal government. The time is ripe for George Bush to empower a generation of young to middle-age conservatives in Washington.

To be sure, some of my conservative brethren sometimes act as if presidential appointments should resemble the ordination of priests, with tainted "pragmatists" purged from the

ranks of the pure. That may be apt, say, for political science departments bent on knowing which Marxist profs have been orthodox enough to deserve tenure, but it's suicidal nonsense in Washington.

The selection of James Baker as Secretary of State, for example, has made some conservatives nervous. The State Department, true enough, has been the chief roadblock to implementing Reagan's foreign policy. You advance in the Foreign Service not by rocking boats or offending foreign governments, but by charmingly accommodating the status quo, which is why the White House, not the State Department, must control foreign policy, with the President relying on a strong national security adviser.

But that's hardly an argument against Baker. As White House chief of staff and Secretary of the Treasury under Ronald Reagan, and of course the architect of Bush's bracingly conservative presidential campaign, Baker has shown he is well equipped to make State more responsive to the will of the President—and hence the electorate.

Shortly before the election Baker told the National Press Club that among the distinctions the campaign clarified was that Bush "is more comfortable with the notion of using American military force—when absolutely required—to defend American interests. And he is less willing to cede American leadership in world affairs to multinational institutions." There are better things to lose sleep over than the fear that Jim Baker will return us to the peace-through-niceness hokey of the seventies, however wedded to that hokey State itself remains.

Baker could do a lot to calm the concerns of conservatives by appointing a few rising young conservatives to key positions. Phillip Hughes, for example, is a former assistant to Vice President Bush, a member of the National Security Council staff, and deputy assistant secretary of state for politico-military affairs. Now an assistant secretary of commerce, he is a natural to fill one of the key assistant secretary positions at State.

If Bush means what he said about going ahead with Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, he must save it from the budgeteers at the Pentagon who worry that strategic defenses will draw money away from their preferred weapons. It is time to put SDI in the hands of a highly qualified civilian who is dedicated to its success. Ambassador Henry Cooper comes to mind. A scientist and former deputy assistant secretary of the Air Force, Cooper is now U.S. ambassador to the Defense and Space Talks in Geneva and knows better than anyone else how important SDI is in getting Moscow to negotiate on our terms rather than theirs.

People such as John Lehman, the former secretary of the Navy whose yeoman efforts restored America's sea power; Richard Perle, the former assistant secretary of defense whose "zero option" concept makes him, in effect, the grandfather of the treaty on intermediate-range nuclear forces the Reagan Administration signed with the Soviet Union; and Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, whose elo-



Edwin Feulner is president of the Heritage Foundation.

quence and passion in the face of vicious opposition from Congress's "Blame America First Club" helped keep democratic capitalism and human rights on the march in the Third World—all have been high-impact and high-profile players in furthering the Reagan agenda, and personify the fusion of expertise, eloquence, savvy, and philosophical commitment needed if conservatives are to revolutionize public policy as they have public opinion.

As for domestic policy, Bush's not surprising selection of Nicholas Brady as treasury secretary offers reason to believe there will be more than one set of lips promising "no new taxes" in the new administration. Brady's laudable inclination, in fact, is to cut old taxes. For instance, he has been a key player in the President-elect's proposal to cut the capital-gains tax rate.

Given his desire to be the "education President," it's hard to imagine that the President-elect would overlook former Education Secretary William Bennett, whose wit and incisiveness cut through the cant and mush that kept America's educational problems from being addressed realistically. Both Bennett and his young chief of staff, William Kristol, range ably over the whole field of domestic policy.

Two recently unsuccessful young candidates for the U.S. Senate in Maryland, Linda Chavez and Alan Keyes, also have the rare mix of eloquence, savvy, and toughness needed in Washington. Both earned their spurs where conservatives must fight just to survive, let alone flourish, as they did: Keyes at the United Nations, Chavez at the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Chavez stepped down as director of public liaison at the White House in 1986 to run for the Senate.

The economist Walter Williams has been exposing liberal piffle in books and columns for several years. He is one of many black conservatives who have argued with force and courage that liberalism is the cause of, not the solution to, the problems of the black underclass. Robert Woodson, president of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, has led the way in demonstrating that the only good thing about public housing is that it can be sold to tenants, as was done so successfully in the case of the Kenilworth-Parkside project in Washington, for example. Unless the Department of Housing and Urban Development is steered in this direction, it will continue to create far more problems than solutions.

Williams could serve ably with the President-elect's able economic adviser

during the campaign, Michael Boskin, on Bush's Council of Economic Advisers. And there are few stauncher proponents of market solutions to government-created problems than Richard Rahn, chief economist of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Trade issues, and protectionist pressures in particular, will surely heat up in the nineties, and there are few more knowledgeable or articulate spokesmen

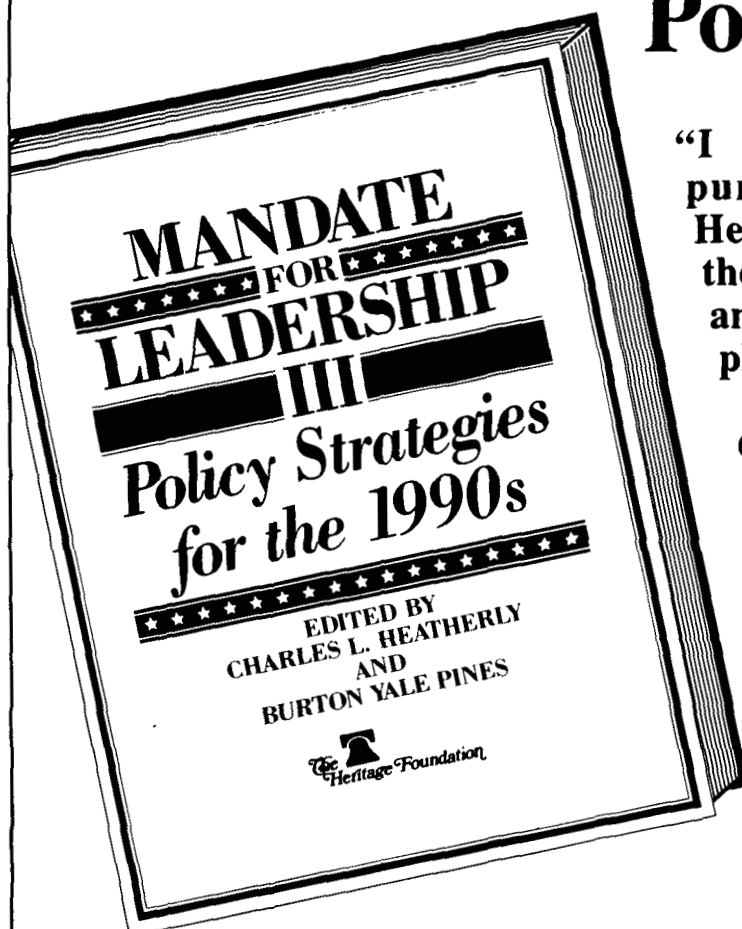
for the free-trade policies on which the President-elect campaigned than the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, Dan Oliver. He would be a splendid addition to the Cabinet as the special trade representative.

For the long haul, most important of all are the 25-to-35-year-olds of conservatism's "Third Generation"—Dinesh D'Souza and Josh Gilder, for example—many of whom arrived in Wash-

ington with Ronald Reagan. They have the force and flair needed to extend what he began into the twenty-first century.

Only by enlisting the passion and ideas of such people can the Bush Administration transform America in the 1990s. If they're ignored, they may head back to Pocatello, and forever abandon the nation's capital to its entrenched liberal incompetents. □

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THE PUBLIC POLICY



WORM AND REMEMBRANCE

by W. J. Elvin

"[Worm Gett'r] doesn't comply with any safety code except one—the electric chair."

—Overwrought testimony of William King, electrical engineering expert for the Consumer Product Safety Commission.

"With the times I've been drunk using it, I should have been dead."

—Testimony of veteran wormer James McGill, disputing the contention that Worm Gett'r is dangerous.

Washington is bonkers, a bureaucratic circus run amok. Of course, I already know that, and you probably do, too, but out in Caldwell, Idaho, somewhere beyond the Beltway, it's news. Bad news.

In early 1987 the Consumer Product Safety Commission, an independent government agency with deep pockets and the zeal of the righteous, overrode its chairman, Terrence Scanlon, to demand a total recall of the Worm Gett'r, an electronic worm probe manufactured by P&M Enterprises of Caldwell and used by thousands of worm harvesters as their primary tool.

"It surprised me when the government I spent years defending turned against me," says Phil Dye, one half of the mom and pop P&M operation. Mr. Dye's 20-year career in the Army took him to Korea, Europe, and Vietnam. He retired with a 100-percent disability and spent the next ten years in veterans' hospitals. After that came a college degree, a heart attack, and open heart surgery. Hard up for a career, Mr. Dye and his new wife, Marilyn, turned to "worm picking."

If you are possessed of moderate mobility and dexterity, you can make money picking worms. Those who do so usually scavenge at night after a rain, armed with headlamps and a leather apron to protect themselves from the slime. Of course, over the years science has brought certain improvements in technique. Harvesters discovered that an electrified metal stake implanted in the ground induced hordes of night crawlers to come out of hiding. Mr.

W. J. Elvin writes the "Inside the Beltway" column for the Washington Times.

Dye, building on this fundamental insight, invented the Worm Gett'r.

I myself own a matched pair of Worm Gett'rs, which look to me like primitive forerunners of that popular crowd-control device, the cattle prod. Court documents describe them more exactly:

This product is an electric worm harvesting device, the basic design consisting of wooden handles affixed to ten-inch bare steel shafts electrically connected with twenty inches of fourteen gauge insulated wire which is connected to one blade of an attached male plug. The device operates by placing the steel shafts into the earth and plugging it into an electrical outlet. Thereafter, the steel shafts deliver an electric current into the ground, thus causing worms to surface.

According to CPSC staff, however, this doesn't even begin to describe the Worm Gett'r. Their words: it's "an inherently dangerous device" whose "design flies in the face of every electronic safety practice in the U.S.," a product that is "one of the most dangerous the CPSC has ever seen."

Strong words. Lies, says Mr. Dye. And, as U.S. District Judge Marion J. Callister found on August 31, there seems little evidence to back up the alarum. The CPSC says twenty-eight persons have been killed using generic worm probes. They even found one individual who claims to have been shocked by the Worm Gett'r specifically. But Judge Callister "seriously questioned" the validity of those reports, which were based mainly on newspaper clippings, coroners' reports, and death certificates. No consumer has ever filed a complaint against Worm Gett'r.

CPSC's attorney, William Moore, told Mr. Dye's attorney that there would undoubtedly have been some complaints if only the inhabitants of the American outback were sophisticated enough to file them. Besides, says the CPSC, "It is not necessary to amass a body count to find that a consumer product poses a substantial risk of injury." And the technical director of the Consumers Union, former CPSC board member R. David Pittle,

has chimed in: "The product is patently and intentionally dangerous." QED.

Oh yeah? says Mr. Dye, who will willingly latch on to the bare steel rod of an activated Worm Gett'r to demonstrate the mild tingle that results from not following the instructions provided with each device.

I've noticed in the course of several interviews with Mr. Dye that he laughs a lot. So far it's the healthy, hearty laugh of a happy warrior. But there's an edge to it when he says CPSC attorney Moore "is on a mission from God to rid the world of worm probes." Beneath the good-old-boy jests runs the anger of innocence lost. And what else could a man feel when he finds himself selected for sacrifice by the inscrutable high priests of Washington's marble temples?

For, win or lose in the courts, the CPSC has already done a fairly good job of finishing off Mr. Dye's P&M Enterprises. CPSC officials had assured Mr. Dye that no customers would be contacted until a court hearing had taken place. But within a month of making the promise, investigators from the CPSC visited his largest customer, a fishing supply outfit in Missouri, and began inquiring about "safety problems" with the product. Mr. Dye says that now wholesale buyers stocking the sporting goods departments of major stores for next spring are shying away from the Worm Gett'r.

"Oh, that's the thing that kills people," he says customers tell him.

Idaho's Sen. Jim McClure, joined by home state colleague Sen. Steve Symms, came to Mr. Dye's defense last spring. They wrote to the CPSC asking if the agency would negotiate with Mr. Dye—who has made several offers to negotiate, and has also said he would lower the voltage and shield his product to meet CPSC demands. Senator McClure also asked the CPSC how much time and money they'd spent pursuing worm probe manufacturers. The CPSC wrote back to inform Senator McClure that he must follow several formal steps

if he wished to participate in CPSC business.

That blew it as far as Senator McClure was concerned. Joined by Senator Symms, he blocked passage of the continuing resolution that authorizes funding for the CPSC. He has vowed to "hang tough" until the CPSC negotiates with Mr. Dye "instead of harassing him" and giving him "the world-class run-around."

Senator McClure has the interests of more than Mr. Dye in mind. In Idaho alone, worming for night crawlers is a \$5 million business annually, most of it done by individuals and families. Since night crawlers, for reasons of their own, cannot be bred in captivity, harvesters gather up the critters from golf courses, farm fields, and schoolyards. Night crawlers fetch as much as \$3 a pound on the open market. (There are about 100 night crawlers to the pound.)

"One of my neighbors wormed his yard one year and took the family on a vacation with the money," proclaimed outdoor columnist Hugh Callow of the *Idaho Press Tribune*. "I used to hate worms," Joyce Fulkerson told the *Idaho Statesman*, "but I've decided they're not so bad." Mrs. Fulkerson and her husband, Ron, have paid for vacations and sent a kid to camp with the proceeds from worm electrification.

Night crawlers come up naturally when it rains. That's convenient for wormers except in severe drought years like 1988, when the little buggers burrow ever deeper in search of moisture. This past year has been a disaster, driving worm prices to record highs. "Only the dumb ones are coming to the surface," a worm broker told the *Wall Street Journal*.

In defending its action, the CPSC says there are alternatives to driving night crawlers from their lairs with electricity: chemicals, for example, that render the earth inhospitable for the worms and who knows what else. Not surprisingly, the Environmental Protection Agency says it is looking into complaints of health hazards and long-term

damage to the food chain resulting from the chemical technique.

Regardless of the method, drunk or sober, worming remains a cold and clammy way to make a buck. And supplying wormers with probes is not exactly a get-rich-quick scheme either. Mr. Dye suspects he has sold about 30,000 of the devices in all. They retail for about \$8 each, less in quantity. But, as Mr. Dye's attorney said, "It's the only product he sells. They've gone after his heart."

Many, of course, hoped that the Reagan Administration would halt the government's inclination to lump small businesses with child snatchers and burglars in its zeal to right the wrongs of the world. Not so, says Mr. Dye's attorney, Arthur Herold. The laws enabling extremes of federal intervention in the private sector are still on the books, he says. "I don't believe a pro-business or anti-regulatory administration can help," Herold says, because it's impossible to con-

trol the independent agencies. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration is another example. "OSHA's largest civil fines have been in the last three or four years," he noted. "The FTC is still going after little people."

Out in Caldwell, Mr. Dye's problem is just one more nail in the coffin of free enterprise. A recent newspaper account he sent along tells of a young farm couple fined by OSHA because they neglected to inform work-

ers on a daily basis, among other rules, to "urinate as frequently as necessary."

Mr. Dye had his day in court in early November. A decision is expected sometime in January. Will he fight on, if need be? "You better believe it. I already hocked the farm. They've got me thoroughly pissed." Well, here's one voice raised in the hope that Mr. Dye—here it comes—worms his way out of this one. □

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

by Joe Queenan

Letters to the Editor Dept.
NYNYNYNYNYNYNYNYNY Magazine
7734 Park Avenue South
Suite 16
New York, N.Y. 10003

Dear Sir or Ms.,

I am writing to you in reference to your recent contest, "WHAT MAKES NEW YORK SUCH A S'WONDERFUL, SUCH A S'MARVELOUS KIND OF TOWN IN 250 WORDS OR LESS?" The rules of the contest were this:

1. Essay must reaffirm the truth that New York is the most extraordinary city on the planet.

2. Contestant must be outrageous, remarkable, and oh, so unique.

3. Essay must be neatly typed and double-spaced.

If I may refresh your memory, the three winners of the \$5,000, \$2,500 and \$1,000 prizes were:

- *Clytemnestra Birdsong*, asst. bookkeeper at the *Murray Hill Racquet Club & Hospice*, a "deathing center" where death could be achieved in a meaningful athletic setting. Her story: While on her way to a performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Met, Birdsong was robbed, beaten, and sexually assaulted by nine men. The assailants took her purse, her jewelry, and her clothing, but left her the opera ticket and enough money to get a cab to the Met, as the mugging had taken so long that she could never get there in time for the overture if she took the subway. Explained one of her assailants: "We'd never forgive ourselves if we made you miss the first act; Colin Davis's conduct-

ing is absolutely superb, and those sets, those sets!" Noted Birdsong in her prize-winning essay: "Where else but in New York would nine rapists leave you cabfare to get to the Met? I mean, things like that just don't happen in Wheeling, West Virginia."

- *Tulip Karamazov and Giotto O'Rourke*, conceptual artists sharing a one-bedroom co-op slaughterhouse on the Lower East Side. The apartment, it seems, was regularly visited by an enormous brown rat.

"But he was such a special rat, such a sophisticated rat," wrote the pair. "His fromagial behavior was so different than rats from other cities. Like the way he'd only eat *Double Gloucester* when the chives had been picked free. The way he'd turn up his nose at *Jarlsberg*. The way he'd munch on our toot-sies till we broke out the *Explorateur*. I mean, rats in Peoria, Illinois, simply aren't into the *Explorateur* scene."

- *Gilgamesh Dingel*, manager of Manhattan nightspot, *Buns 'n' Ammo*. "It's like this: One night—it must have

been about three o'clock in the morning—I woke up with this overwhelming desire for a roast breast of armadillo on pumpernickel sandwich. I don't know what set it off; I hadn't had an RBAP since I ran my bagel seminars in Patagonia back in the fifties, but the need was genuine, so I got dressed and hit the streets. The problem was: Where was I going to find a deli that could make me a roast breast of armadillo sandwich in the middle of the night? Well, to make a long story short, by the time I got over to the *Armageddon Deli* on Third Avenue, I figured my hunt was pretty absurd, so I'd just have to settle for a quarter-pound of marinated seal's knuckles. But when I placed my order, the guy behind the counter said, 'Would you like a hunk of roast breast of armadillo with that, buddy? It's on sale this week.' Well, no offense intended, but let's face it, Middle America, you can't get a roast breast of armadillo sandwich at three o'clock in the morning in Akron, Ohio."

Enclosed please find a small packet

of roast armadillo breast purchased at *Moshe's All-Night Deli* in Akron, Ohio. (That's Moshe in the photo with the clock reading 3:12 in the background.) Enclosed please also find a color photo of an enormous brown rat turning up his nose at a three-pound hunk of *Jarlsberg*. That's my pet rat, Paul VIII, who's been living out here in my basement in Peoria, Illinois, for years; those are his teeth marks on the slice of *Explorateur* I've enclosed. Last but not least, please find an 8x10 glossy of my brother-in-law Randy and his eight friends, all of whom are opera buffs with a long history of sexual deviancy, the nine of them making up the *Wheeling, West Virginia, Friends of Bel Canto*.

I'm sorry we had to resort to all this nasty, underhanded stuff to make our point, but hey, you asked for it. Funding for this cultural salvaging program was provided by matching grants from the Peoria/Akron/Wheeling/Cleveland/Philadelphia/Duluth/Council Bluffs/Boise/Ft. Wayne/Newark Anti-Defamation League and a large, much-maligned oil company. If you'd like to see the rat, speak to Moshe, or meet my brother-in-law, feel free to drop a line. I realize that much of what we've done is in poor taste (incidentally, Randy & Co. didn't really assault that old hag; they just sort of felt her up a bit), but we were tired of the abuse, and wanted to show we can play hardball too.

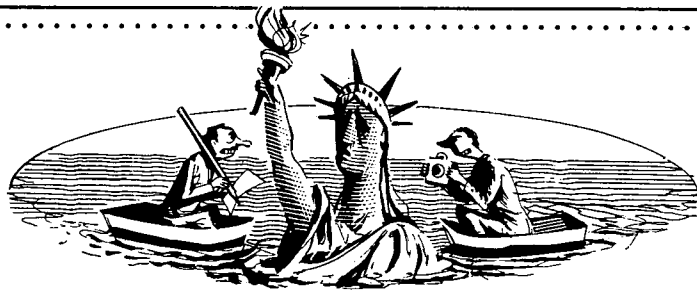
Yours truly,

John Smith
President
P.A.W.C.P.D.C.B.B.F.W.N. Anti-Defamation League



Joe Queenan is a writer for Barron's.

PRESSWATCH



PARTING SHOTS

by Michael Ledeen

This will be my final "Presswatch" column and I want to thank Bob Tyrrell and the whole crowd for giving me the chance to look at the Fourth Estate for the past several years.

I think I'm leaving the press in worse shape than it was in when I started "Presswatch," and it was at its absolute worst during and immediately after the presidential campaign. For sheer fantasy, it is hard to match the *Washington Post* in full political dudgeon, and the lead story on the front page of the Sunday, November 13 *Post* may well stand as a paradigm of what the country has to deal with nowadays. The headline read, "The Complex Machine Behind Bush; 'Army of Ants,' Not Crusade of Ideas, Was Foundation of Campaign." And the lead paragraph of the story (written by David Hoffman and Ann Devroy) tells it all:

George Bush's 40-state election victory last week was a triumph earned not by a crusade of ideas or a revolution like the one Ronald Reagan earned eight years ago. Rather, it was the culmination of effort by an immensely complex, largely hidden machine that was painstakingly assembled and set in motion long before Democrat Michael S. Dukakis received his party's nomination.

The Bush machine is then described with adjectives generally reserved for accounts of plowmen: "plodded," "dogged," "only occasionally inspiring," a campaign that "would prevail by dint of experience and calculation, not by inspiration or the power of ideas."

For those of you who followed the farcical efforts to deprive Bush of a "mandate," these words will echo as part of the *Post's* opening salvo against the Bush Administration. But the nerve of these people! After years of describing Ronald Reagan as the Washington version of the village idiot, a man who slept through every important meeting during his presidency, and an actor who read lines prepared for him by his

handlers or his wife, they now expect us to listen respectfully while they tell us about the "Reagan Revolution" and the powerful ideas that are now said to have inspired the man all along.

This is part and parcel of the *Post's* systematic attempt to rewrite history, and it is right out of the pages of 1984. Each new victim is characterized as bereft of saving virtue or first-class intellect, and in order to do this, the victim's predecessor is knighted. Jonathan Yardley, the *Post's* Pulitzer Prize-winning literary critic, noticed an important element of this on November 21:

... a good deal of thought patrol goes on in this country. ... Customarily, it has been policed by those on the right—McCarthyite anticommunists, religious fundamentalists, isolationists—but in recent years it has been the left that has been doing the bullying. The laudable movement to bring previously disadvantaged groups into full equality has become hopelessly mixed up with a concomitant movement to falsify the past condition and accomplishments of those same groups.

Hence, as Yardley writes, obscure authors get elevated to "first rank" status simply because they are women, or black, rather than because they wrote masterpieces. But this is only a part of the falsification of history produced by the left-wing thought patrols,

who believe that history can be rewritten from one day to the next, according to the political needs of the moment. Thus, we had the silly accusation that George Bush ran one of the dirtiest, or "most negative," campaigns in American history. And on election day, we had the very same rumors that we had four and eight years ago, rumors that correspond to a specific mythology: there was, it was said, an enormous turnout by the electorate, a vast groundswell of voters queued up at polls all over America. This, of course, was good for the Democrats. Moreover, the network newsies whispered to each other by telephone in the first hours of election day, the exit polls showed a surprisingly high vote for Dukakis.

All of this turned out to be nonsensical, and the Bush vote was pretty much what most of the polls had predicted for a long time: a blowout of the Democratic candidate. What fascinated me was that so many of the newsies I talked to in the last days and hours of the campaign had come to believe their own mythology, which, in simple language, is a replay of the old "silent majority" theory that conservatives clung to a generation ago. Remember how the Goldwater people convinced themselves that there were

millions of Americans who, although they were ashamed to tell pollsters how they would really vote, would, on election day, deliver Barry to the White House? Within eight years, we had the same theory, but this time on the left, with the McGovernites believing it.

I suppose it's inevitable that political minorities believe that the majority secretly agrees with them, but in the present circumstances the national minority controls a great deal of the national media. Just like a messianic religious cult, the media await the day of judgment, when their vision will be confirmed and the heavenly city is finally established. But, just as religious movements become ever more radical when their messianic expectations are not fulfilled, so the media, thwarted in their efforts to swing the political culture of the nation ever further to the left, are becoming more shrill.

I expect this trend to continue, because the young are more conservative than their elders in this country (indeed, throughout the Western world). President Bush can expect a very tough ride from our elite media, who, just as they did in 1984, worked very hard to elect the Democratic candidate. (All those who doubt that this occurred should go back and read James Reston's unforgettable column in the *New York Times* the Sunday before election day in 1984, in which he said that never before had so many journalists and editors worked so hard to defeat any candidate as the American media to defeat Ronald Reagan—and failed.)

It's a pity, because I also believe that we are witnessing one of the great historical events of modern times: the disintegration of the Soviet Empire. And coverage of this event is going to be distorted by the desire of many journalists and editors that this not happen. At the end of the campaign, I was asked by *Le Figaro* of Paris to try to get an interview with Bush. I obtained from the Bush organization answers to writ-



Michael Ledeen is the author of *Perilous Statecraft: An Insider's Account of the Iran-Contra Affair* (Charles Scribner's Sons).

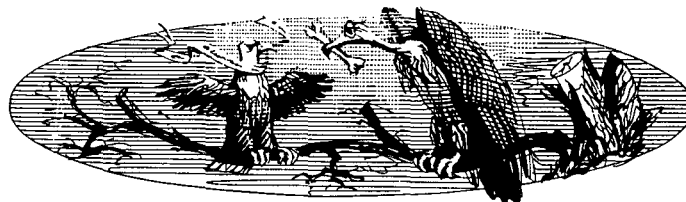
ten questions for the Vice President, one of which was of major importance. I had asked whether Bush believed—as many do—that the West should “help” Gorbachev with loans, credits, and technology. The answer was firm and explicit: “no untied loans to the Soviet Union.” This was a far tougher position than anyone in the Reagan Administration had taken, and ran on the front

page of *Figaro* on election day. With the exception of the *Washington Times*, no American newspaper noticed the Bush statement on loans . . . or so it seemed. Nearly two weeks later, the *Washington Post* wrote an arcane article, suggesting that this hadn’t been an “interview” at all . . . and carefully omitting any mention of the explosive content of Bush’s reply to my question

(even though Bush officials confirmed that the President-elect’s positions were accurately contained in *Figaro*). So, rather than focus on the truly newsworthy content of the interview, the *Post* elected to take the low road of quibbling over whether a staff member’s communication of answers to written questions to Vice President Bush qualified as an “interview.” Their

readers never learned what Bush said. One of the great pleasures of writing for the *Spectator* about foreign policy instead of the media will be the end of the daily ordeal of reading the *Post*. From now on, I’ll spend more time with the short-wave radio. And maybe even a novel or two. To my successor, the words of Edward R. Murrow: Good night. And good luck. □

THE NATION’S PULSE



MALIBU DIARY

November 11, 1988

Veterans’ Day. I was awakened by a knocking at the door. It was loud knocking, because the sound of waves is almost deafening in the morning, and I wouldn’t have heard it unless it was loud. I walked out to the living room, noticed that the Pacific was just about up to the balcony, as it always is in the morning. At the door was a disheveled black man.

“Would you like me to wash your car?” he asked. “I wash cars for most people on Malibu Road.”

“Sure,” I said. “How much?”

“Forty dollars.”

“You’re kidding.”

“No, that’s what it costs. But I do it by hand.”

“Thanks anyway. That’s too much.”

He shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

I tried to go back to sleep, but I had a call from a lawyer for whom I am working as an expert witness. We talked about securities fraud for a few minutes, and then I tried to go back to sleep. There was another call. It was my assistant, Mimi, the 22-year-old blonde demon researcher, who, on no evidence, assumes that she and I will soon be married.

“I’m so mad at my sister,” she said. “She wants to have this bachelorette party. . . .”

At that point the “call waiting” told me there was another call. I clicked into call. It was a publicist for RJR Nabisco, about which I am writing a critical article. “Mimi,” I said, “I’ll have to call you back.”

“Why?”

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and producer in Hollywood.

“Because I have to talk about this big LBO that’s going on.”

“But I want to talk about what shoes I should wear to my sister’s bachelorette party.”

“And I want to also, but I have to talk about fiduciary duty, too.”

“All right, but my sister and my shoes are important, too,” she said, and of course she’s right. The looting of RJR shareholders will happen no matter what I write. Mimi may be able to change something about her sister’s bachelorette party.

I got dressed and drove over to the Cross Creek shopping center to buy a turkey sandwich at John’s Garden. It was packed, as always. Students, housewives, real estate agents, leather faces lined in money, etched with the distinctive lines of a carefree life lived in sun and surf.

As always, there were hordes of BMWs, Mercedes, Porsches (the roller skates of Malibu), and Jags packed in like ants in an ant farm. I ate my sandwich and fought off the flock of pigeons that tried to steal it. Three boys asked me if I was “the guy from *Ferris Bueller*.” I told them I was, and one punched the other and said, “See, I toldcha . . .” and then they left.

I walked back to my car. Horror show! Some creep had keyed it along its entire passenger side, leaving a huge long gash. I figure it took about five seconds of drunken work, and it’s going to cost me a thousand bucks minimum to get it fixed.

I cursed a lot, and then drove back to my apartment. Mimi was there. She had let herself in and was lying on the

balcony in her bikini. “As long as you’re here,” I said, “please call the police and report that someone vandalized my car.”

“Okay,” she said cheerfully. She called the Malibu Sheriff’s Station. “This is Mrs. Benjamin Stein,” she said. “I’d like to report that my husband’s car has been vandalized.”

Needless to say, Mimi is not my wife. My wife is back in town being sick with Epstein-Barr virus and getting facials at Elizabeth Arden. My wife is almost as old as I am, which is forty-three. “Well, why not?” Mimi asked, and again, I had no good answer.

An hour later, two part-time reserve sheriff’s deputies appeared with guns and clubs. They stared a lot at Mimi, who winked at them and asked if she could go for a ride in their car some time. The two deputies grinned and flirted. They were only part-time deputies. They usually were an engineer at TRW and a car-parts wholesaler, respectively. They were just doing their part. With guns. “Thank you, Mrs. Stein,” the parts salesman said, and winked at me as he left.

A few minutes later, I drove up to the shopping center again to buy a newspaper. At the Malibu SuperCare Drugs, where they collect insane-looking people the way museums collect paintings, a ferociously angry-looking middle-aged Jewish housewifely type in unbecoming pedal pushers was arguing with the clerk, a surfer type with a glazed look and long blond hair, about a computerized clock she had bought that did not work. She had pulled its back off, revealing a whole city of fine filaments, connections, and electronic gadgetry. She was staring at this circuitry with a

look that would have frightened Tito. She was also shouting at it, demanding to know why it didn’t work. The circuitry, made in Singapore, said nothing. It just sat there and didn’t work.

“This,” I thought to myself, “is the ultimate contest.” The rage and aggression of the wealthy Jewish Malibu housewife versus the implacable laws of physics and conductivity. Which would triumph: the impersonal, immutable laws of Newtonian physics as expressed by the top-of-the-line modern techniques of modern assembly, which were somehow being violated and refused to yield to the woman’s anger, or the woman’s anger?

Of course, the woman triumphed. The surfer clerk unhesitatingly took the offending circuit board, threw it in the trash can, and handed her a new one. So now we know which is stronger, physics or Mrs. Estelle Cooperman.

I bought my *New York Times* and walked over to the benches near the playground to read it. A few minutes later, a familiar face appeared. It was P., a legendarily successful producer of movies, a man who earns more each year than a Rockefeller cousin.

“You’ll never guess what happened to me,” he said. “I was in New York for the opening of *Forced Enema*, and some friends took me to Le Cirque, and while I was just sitting there talking deals with Carl Icahn and Don Trump, this incredibly beautiful girl came up to me and whispered in my ear and demanded that I take her back to my suite at the U.N. Plaza. So I took her back, and Don Trump and Carl Icahn were just like staring at me and drool-

ing. The next morning, she kissed me, very caringly, very tenderly, and said, 'By the way, I'm only fifteen.' I just thought you'd like to know."

"I did very much want to know," I said.

"I thought so."

P. walked away. I have known P. for twelve years. This is pretty much his standard story which he tells me every time he sees me. Don't get me wrong.

I like it. I liked it the first ten times I heard it, and I still like it. It just makes me a little bit sad that someone as rich as P. can't think of a better, newer lie. Aren't there any publicists left in Hollywood to think up new lies for him?

Time passed. The sky off Point Dume grew dark. I felt hungry and lonely. I went out to the Malibu

Adobe. It's a restaurant founded and run by Ali McGraw. Very nouvelle Southwest and light vinaigrette on the chilled greens.

To my shock, at night on Fridays the Adobe turns itself into a nightclub. There was a band playing throbbing music, a hundred young men and women who looked like the girls and boys in *Bright Lights, Big City*, with neat shirts, neat suits, and long hair,

dancing to the music. "I Hate Myself For Loving You," the band played, and the kids danced. I was the oldest guy in the place by a long way, except for a couple of scary guys with scary looking women with drugged looks.

I stood at the bar, drank Ramlosa, which is even hipper than Evian, and watched the dancing. I really shouldn't even call it dancing. If you call it by its name, it's just a man and a woman standing on the floor and shaking, without much rhythmic content, studiously avoiding looking at each other, making absolutely no social contact, showing no knowledge of any shared dance steps, displaying no ability to harmonize thought and action. It was just shaking, and bore about as much connection with dancing as I used to know it as "The Cosby Show" does to drama.

I blame Chubby Checker for this. Until he came along with his cursed Twist, men and women actually shared something besides vanity when they danced. They held each other, talked, showed that they bore a common socializing process by knowing the same dance steps.

Even a braino like me could dance with the hardest hard girl at the Ocean City Ballroom in 1962 on the night before Marilyn Monroe was found dead, and we would have some little something in common. We could both dance the "Philadelphia Style" jitterbug, or the "Washington Style," and we could have a pretty good time.

Any old way, I stood at the bar and pondered what we've gained and what we've lost, and I watched a woman in front of me standing still in a white sheath dress, dancing in her place while her date pounded kamikazes. She turned around and saw me watching her.

"Having a good time?" she asked, and she squeezed my arm. She forgot to add "Gramps," but it was all right anyway.

I drove over to the new Hughes Market in Malibu. It's an enormous structure, right where the old, decrepit, but star-filled Colony Market used to be. It is about as big as two airplane hangars. It is lit up like a TV stage. The food is fresh and cheap and alluring. To me, it's like being in a casino where you win at every turn of every card. I love grocery stores, and this one is my favorite.

I bought Diet Cokes and frozen French toast, and then I went to the checkout line. It was 1:30 in the morning. A knot of my students from Pepperdine were in front of me in line. We all giggled together for a while. A woman of about my age, with that rich, tanned, creased look of Malibu, asked me if I was a celebrity.

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"Just their teacher," I said. She asked me what I taught, and when she learned it was about film, she told me that her "...ex-ex-ex husband..." was a famous producer. She told me the films her ex ("...and I do mean ex...") had produced. They were famous films, but I'm almost certain that another friend named Arnold Koppelson produced them.

Plus, she said, "...he's producing a health spa and a resort in the

Philippines..." She told me several more times that he was her ex, and then she asked me if I lived nearby.

"On the slum part of Malibu Road," I said.

"Well, I live in the Colony, and maybe you'd like to come over for a drink."

It was quarter of two in the morning. "Thanks," I said. "We'll do it another time."

She preceded me down Malibu Road

in her jeep. Surprise! She didn't live in the Colony at all, but in a far more modest home, certainly worth no more than two million dollars. So I was right to go home alone after all.

In my grocery bag the clerk had stuffed a flyer for something called "Global Cooperation for a Better World." It advertised a national premiere event at UCLA, without specifying what it was.

On the flyer was a list of sponsors, and I'm not kidding, on the list were

Fred Segal, a noted couturier to the young, rich, and tasteless here, Soleil Moon Frye, the star of a TV show called "Punky Brewster," Mother Teresa, Jimmy Carter, Lloyd Bridges, and Jack Lemmon.

Just as I was falling asleep, the phone rang. It was Mimi, calling from La Jolla. "I saw these incredibly cute shoes, only they're flats, and I just wondered what you think about flats..."

It was a normal day. □

THE TALKIES



WOMEN AND MORE WOMEN

by Bruce Bawer

Based loosely on a real event, *The Accused* tells the story of a young waitress named Sarah Tobias (Jodie Foster), who one night walks into The Mill, a white-trash bar in Washington state, and finds herself being raped by three strange men on a pinball machine. Sarah's not the most respectable type—she lives in a trailer with a dope dealer, talks tough, dresses provocatively, and was drinking and smoking pot at the time of the rape—and so the prosecuting attorney, deputy D.A. Kathryn Murphy (Kelly McGillis), decides that rape convictions will be hard to secure and makes an out-of-court settlement at a reduced charge. Sarah—who wanted the crime officially recognized as a rape, and herself certified as a victim—is furious, and feels betrayed by Kathryn. So frustrated is she that when she is taunted in a shopping-mall parking lot by one of the bar patrons who witnessed her shame and who urged the rapists on, she rams his pickup with her car, sending both of them to the hospital. Kathryn feels that this development is her fault, and consequently puts her career in jeopardy by bringing a precedent-setting suit: she takes three of the rape witnesses to court on a charge of egging the rapists on. Finally, Sarah gets a chance to tell her story and to be recognized as a victim.

In many ways this is a very conventional movie. The formula could hardly be more familiar: we open with a crime and end with a trial, and in be-

tween we watch the victim and prosecutor work their way through mutual suspicion and learn gradually to trust and understand one another. There is little doubt as to what the final verdict will be. If the film nonetheless feels vivid and original, and even quite powerful at some points, it is because Tom Topor has written a solid script, Jonathan Kaplan has directed it expertly, and the cast—especially Miss Foster—has enacted it with wit and sensitivity. Sarah's story feels *real*.

This naturalism is even more of a triumph because the film, though it

doesn't come across as a shrill tract in sexual politics, has a strong polemical bent. When you think about it afterward you're surprised to realize how effectively you've been manipulated. Indeed, it may not be till you try to describe *The Accused* to a friend, and realize that it is next to impossible to do so without dipping into feminist rhetoric ("victimization," "sisterhood," "solidarity," "consciousness raising," etc.), that you'll see how subtly the filmmakers have faked you into buying a nightmarish view of the relations between men and women—relations

which, though the director and writer are both men, are observed entirely from the women's perspective. Men are regarded here less as opponents in some frothy Tracy-and-Hepburn-style battle of the sexes than as threatening figures who, whether friends or lovers or strangers, could at any moment turn into attackers. Every man, in short, is a potential rapist. Even Kathryn's fellow lawyers at the D.A.'s office talk about Sarah's case in a manner that is subtly but chillingly reminiscent of the ignorant, aggressive creeps at The Mill. The film seeks to show, in incidental ways, how men's images of women are fed by everything around them: at The Mill, in the distant background, we see a close-up of a sexy pair of lips on a TV commercial; the pinball machine itself is called SLAM DUNK and is illustrated by a picture of a curvaceous blonde stuffed into a basketball hoop. And the director slips in images of violent sports (Kathryn and her fellow lawyers discuss legal strategy at a hockey game, where the men explode with excitement when something savage happens on the ice; the TV at The Mill broadcasts a boxing match), as if to imply a connection between men's enjoyment of these sports and the inclination to commit an act of rape.

The idea here is that it's women against men, and Kathryn's big achievement is her recognition, finally, that her principal bond is not to her fellow lawyers (all male) at the D.A.'s office but to her fellow woman, Sarah. When at the beginning of the film she is assailed for her insensitivity by Sarah's rape counselor, Kathryn barks:



Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator's movie reviewer.

"I'm not a rape counselor. I'm a prosecutor and I have to make a rape case." By the end of the film she's realized that, hey, it's part of *every* woman's obligation to be a kind of rape counselor. *The Accused* offers women the opportunity to say to themselves, "Men! They're horrible!", and it offers men who have never committed, contemplated, or encouraged rape the opportunity to enjoy their moral superiority to the vermin who attack Sarah. The film's offense is that, in the course of indicting men who regard women as mere hunks of flesh, it ends up suggesting that most men are themselves sexist beasts.

(P.S. to Mr. Kaplan: Next time you direct a film in Canada that's supposed to be set in the U.S., don't show a sign in the background which reads *Media Centre*.)

• • •

"Can a court tell us how we should raise our children?"

The trailer for Diane Keaton's new film, *The Good Mother*, based on the 1986 novel by Sue Miller, implies that this question—read in voice-over by a deep, solemn male voice—has something to do with the content of the film. But the question that this movie actually addresses is: "Should a man who couldn't give his ex-wife an orgasm be allowed to have custody of their six-year-old daughter?"

Let me explain. The daughter in question is Molly (Asia Vieira), your typical cute, bright movie kid. Her mother is Anna Dunlop (Miss Keaton), a piano teacher and lab assistant who lives with Molly on the second floor of a small, shabby house in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her father is Brian Dunlop (James Naughton), a sober, affluent businessman who lives in D.C. and of whom we get the briefest of glimpses—just enough to support Anna's contention that he's a prude. Anna herself, mind you, was once like Brian—she was, she tells us in voice-

over while we watch scenes of her own childhood, a "shy" girl, a "conformist." But the influence of her cigarette-smoking, boy-chasing Aunt Babe—a teenager who dismissed Anna's conventional parents and grandparents as "assholes"—was critical. "In her presence," Anna tells us, "it just seemed as if everything was possible. . . . I wanted to be like her, wanted to take risks and be passionate." And yet, presumably in thrall to her own conventional impulses, she married Brian, and stayed married for seven years. "Sex between us was nothing," Anna says. What's worse, Brian—the wimp!—didn't *realize* it was nothing. They divorced, and Anna built her life around Molly, whom she adores.

So the situation stands until Anna meets Leo Cutter (Liam Neeson), a passionate, earthy Irish sculptor whose apartment is full of pieces with names like "Celtic Twilight" and "Drunken Boat." (Remember Alan Bates in *An Unmarried Woman*? Same idea.) Their first time in bed, Anna confesses, "I don't think I'm very good at it." "We can fix that," Leo says generously, and proceeds to give Anna her first orgasm. They fall in love, and he becomes a fixture around Anna's house and a friend to Molly. But this happy menage self-destructs when Brian refuses to return Molly (the child having been shipped off to D.C. to visit him and his new wife) and sues for custody on the grounds that Leo—in accordance with Anna's "relaxed and natural" household rules about nudity and such—has permitted Molly to touch his genitals.

Yes, another movie that ends up in court. "I tried to raise Molly freely," Anna tells her lawyer, Mr. Muth (Jason Robards). "I didn't want her to be ashamed of her body and think of it as something to hide. . . . We had been naked around her, it's true, but it was all part of this world Leo had opened up to me where I was beautiful and he was beautiful and Molly was part of our life and our love." Anna emphasizes to Mr. Muth that she was frigid with Brian but not with Leo, and that this revolutionary sexual breakthrough "was good for Molly."

This last comment is typical of Anna. The truth is that while Anna thinks she's interested in what's good for her little girl—and while the director (Leonard Nimoy, of all people) and screenwriter (Michael Bortman) seem to think so too—the girl's well-being consistently takes second place to Anna's karma. When Molly's taken away, Anna's upset not for Molly's sake but for her own; the child is an integral part of the life she's made for herself, the identity she's forged. Molly, as she's told Leo, is her "commitment"—the point being not that she feels an innate, ineradicable sense of obligation to the

child, but rather that Molly has come in handy as an organizing principle in her life, and that she has accordingly made a conscious decision to make Molly's needs a priority. But after the court decision goes against her, and Molly seems miserable living with her father, Anna rejects her lawyer's advice to use this misery as the basis for an appeal: "I didn't want to use her misery, I wanted to end it." The logic here is striking; Anna seems to be admitting that she's been "using" Molly all along, that her legal attempt to recover custody did not represent an attempt to end Molly's misery but to preserve her own happy little world of orgasms and purposeful motherhood.

In any case, by the end of the film it is extremely clear that Molly is not the point—if in fact she ever really was. Shorn of both daughter and lover, Anna tells her grandmother, "I'm starting all over again." Molly might just as well be a piece of community property whose loss she has to accept in order to (in the popular phrase) get on with her life. What preoccupies her, at the end, is not whether Molly has the best of all possible family lives but whether she herself is a "good mother." As a wise critic wrote in a review of Sue Miller's novel a couple of years ago, "Anna seems less concerned about what happened to Molly while in her care, and about how it may have affected the child emotionally, than with the question of how the whole sordid incident reflects on *her*. (Thus the book's title.)"

Yet the movie is considerably easier to take than the novel. Anna's grandmother (beautifully played by the radiant Teresa Wright) is more congenial here, Leo is less slimy and obnoxious (in the book he collects pornographic pictures and is "fascinated with the inability of painting, print, to convey a sense of the pornographic in the way photography did"), and Anna herself (mainly because she's played by our Diane) is more sympathetic. In the novel, Anna was pretty humorless; Keaton has eliminated that problem, though she doesn't do much to convince us that Anna is an especially loving mother. In the scenes between her and Molly, which are meant to establish the closeness of their bond, the child might just as well be a favorite niece, for all the intimacy that the scenes communicate. It should destroy us when Molly is taken from Anna; it doesn't. In fact, there's very little warmth in *The Good Mother*; only Elmer Bernstein (*To Kill a Mockingbird*, *The Great Santini*), who wrote the musical score, seems to have understood completely what this story required of him. □

¹My review of Sue Miller's novel has been reprinted in my new book, *Diminishing Fictions* (Graywolf Press, \$18.95).



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BOOK REVIEWS

In the opening scene of Irina Ratushinskaya's memoir, she is being taken to her husband's Kiev apartment in a KGB black Volga. Right away, we know we are dealing with a hardened *zek* ("prisoner," from the Russian *zaklyuchennyi*): she does not allow herself a speck of euphoria at being told she is released. Not until she crosses the threshold of her home; not until the KGB man is gone.

She has reason to be apprehensive: only three months earlier, the KGB staged a sham release, trying to get her to sign a clemency plea. So for now, she concentrates on the October scenery, the turning leaves, the buildings that went up while she was away. She plays the Tchaikovsky First Concerto in her head, as she maintains a polite exchange with the KGB man: modern sculpture, Bulgakov, the anti-alcohol campaign. Then they arrive, and it all comes true: the apartment, Mama, nieces, the husband is on his way, the family dog is leaping in the air. Miss Ratushinskaya politely thanks the KGB man for the lift and offers him a cup of coffee. And, just as politely, he declines. "He really leaves. I hope that a few transgressions will be forgiven him, come Judgment Day, for declining this cup of coffee."

There, in a nutshell, are the main features of Miss Ratushinskaya's book: cool, unblinking tenacity, achieved through the 24-hour-a-day escape into the depths of her self; and an overwhelming Christian desire that God find something in her torturers' files to forgive them.

In 1983 Miss Ratushinskaya, a 28-year-old poet, was arrested by the Soviet authorities. She was charged with "anti-Soviet agitation" and sentenced to seven years of hard labor plus five years of exile. In 1986, on the eve of the Reykjavik summit, she was released, put on a plane, and flown to London. Her memoir, *Grey Is the Color of Hope*, covers in minute detail all that happened to her in these three-and-a-half years.

Chronologically, Miss Ratushinskaya's memoir begins with the day she departs for the camp and ends with the homecoming: not a word of the events that led to the arrest. The strict linear format may be intentional, or it may

GREY IS THE COLOR OF HOPE

Irina Ratushinskaya/Alfred A. Knopf/\$18.95

David Gurevich

stem from the illusion, often found among dissidents, that the world is well informed of their struggle. Those less prone to take things on faith will want more details of her activities; in that sense, she is preaching to the converted. Yet those willing to suspend doubt—the majority, I suspect—will find her concentrated, sometimes claustrophobic approach extremely effective.

Miss Ratushinskaya does not attempt to place her experience in a historical context by cramming it with references to her predecessors, from Dostoevsky on. The one memorable exception is Solzhenitsyn. On her way to the camp, she is put into a *Stolypin* (freight car) and issued her ration of bread and herring. She gratefully remembers Solzhenitsyn's advice in *The Gulag Archipelago* not to eat the fish, as it would cause unbearable thirst. This is a side of a literary master-

piece that we seldom think about: it can be used as a survival manual, too.

In the Mordovian camp of Barashevo, Miss Ratushinskaya finds herself, together with half a dozen other "politicals," in a tiny subdivision they call the "Small Zone," away from the "regular" criminals (the translator does not make it clear that *zona* is a standard Russian term for camp). Life in the Small Zone is without physical comforts, which is to be expected in a camp. One might get used to the diet of *skilly* (watery gruel); to the paper-thin prison uniform in the brutal Mordovian winter; to the routine of sewing seventy pairs of industrial gloves ("productive activity") per prisoner per day. But much harder to endure is the authorities' constant warfare against the *zeks*. As Lt. Podust (nicknamed "Ilse Koch," after the infamous SS guard at the Ravensbruck camp) explains:

"It's not my job to prove to you that you are wrong. I don't have the education or the words for that. My job here is much easier: to make your life here so miserable you'll never want to come back." And later, dismayed at accusations of sadism: "I don't make you lick my boots as though you were common criminals."

Camp life is never boring. For example, the authorities claim that inmates are entitled to a fixed ration of salt. Thus every bit of food comes oversalted, which leads, in the absence of other nutrients, to body swelling. The inmate is entitled to thirty-three grams of meat and forty-five grams of fish a day (cooked), but no weight scales are allowed, apparently with good reason. Inmates fight back, returning the oversalted food and filing complaints.

Is there any point in complaining? Yes and no: nobody reads complaints per se, but if they turn into a flood, the camp authorities may be accused of "insufficient re-education effort." An occasional point is won: *skilly* without maggots, for example, or even an allowed family visit.

The law provides for only three visits a year, and more are canceled than allowed. But when one does come to pass, the whole barracks takes part in preening you up, a ceremony described in the detail normally reserved for wedding preparations. The prize: two hours across the table, with the guard between the two of you to prevent touching or talking on a "security-related" subject. If your husband is a human-rights activist, and you're a *zek*, this means you have to use code for just about everything. What a goldmine two hours of allusions and suppressed feelings would be for a heated poetic imagination! But the poet stands back, and the hardened *zek* takes over; Miss Ratushinskaya holds herself in control: "or I'll start howling my eyes out." When it is time to part, "this is no embrace, it is a spasm of pain." And yet, even in the midst of this torment, she gets to notice the tear in the matron's eye, as the latter looks away to allow them the last-minute hug.

But more often, visits are canceled under any pretext—wearing a cross; singing psalms (prisoners have to pretend they're pop songs); walking with their hair uncovered—and the battle rages on: inmates go on strike, or on hunger strike. The latter, especially the



David Gurevich, a New York writer, is the author of *Travels with Dubinsky and Clive* (Viking).

force-feeding, is described in graphic detail: "They handcuff you, pry your jaws apart with an iron lever which crushes your teeth, shove a tube down your throat and pour two liters of some kind of solution down it. . . . Two liters of fluid pumped into a shrunken stomach causes terrible pains." They keep you chained for an hour afterward, so that you don't vomit; they lower the temperature, knowing how crucial it is

to a starving person. " 'Let them really feel it,' is the motto of our captors." The *zek's* only weapon is publicity: she has to shout her head off, to let others know what is going on. To silence her, the guards (who "are ashamed of what they're doing") throw her down, "head first against the wooden trestle." This leads to a concussion, and long-term neurological damage. Again, Miss Ratushinskaya refuses to blame the in-

dividuals: "How could they gauge their strength—six large men—against my hunger-striking weight?"

More punishments follow, as inmates are taken to SHIZO (the Russian abbreviation for isolation cells). There, cold cells (9 degrees centigrade, or 48 degrees Fahrenheit) swarm with mice and woodlice; food is half a potato and a shred of cabbage in your *skilly*—every other day (on other days, it's just

bread); and, for toilet plumbing, a slop bucket that weighs 44 kilos (110 lbs.) when full. This figure is important, since your days begin with "dragging the bucket the length of the corridor, down ice-covered steps, and then across the snow to the cesspit and back." All this on 1,150 calories a day (normal consumption is about 3,000). Our heroine survives with a thousand clever ruses, smuggling "dietary supplements" such as bouillon cubes in rolls of cotton wool. When the guard triumphantly finds her out, all she has to say is, "May God forgive him. . . ."

In SHIZO, the author is exposed to "common" criminals who are often treated even more harshly: mothers are separated from their babies under the pretext of having no milk. "There were women with milk running down their breasts; due to the cold, they would get inflammation of the mammary glands, while their babies lay crying in the House of Mother and Child. One child in eight died there." This Herodian treatment in 1985—will glasnost ever reach those lower depths? "Common" criminals have no Helsinki Watch to send telegrams on their behalf. . . .

It is not surprising that the prisoners grab every opportunity to escape this never-ending warfare. They manage to grow flowers in the stony soil (in a typical twist, they are not allowed to grow vegetables; but the guards look the other way). They pour love on their cat, Nyurka. And they celebrate—religious holidays, ethnic ones, birthdays, New Year's Eve. There is a joyful description of a St. Ivan's Day ritual that includes pouring water over yourself in the January cold. For the author's birthday, her friends bake a cake of margarine and biscuits, and use beet juice for coloring (by now it comes as no surprise to us that the guard gets a slice, too). At another feast, each gets two spoonfuls of grated carrots, tea of rowanberries with three spoonfuls of sugar, black bread, and three pea-sized candies. And, of course, they pray, they sing songs, and they (especially the author) recite poetry.

From the beginning, Miss Ratushinskaya made a conscious decision to keep writing regardless of the conditions: to do otherwise would be to submit to authority. She composed her poems at work, over her sewing machine; she would write them out on narrow strips of rolling paper and hide them under the pile of gloves she was sewing.¹

Miss Ratushinskaya's poetry is copied and secretly passed throughout the camp; even the guards treasure these little scraps of paper. In a playful way, her fellow inmates use sweets to bribe her into writing more. It seems

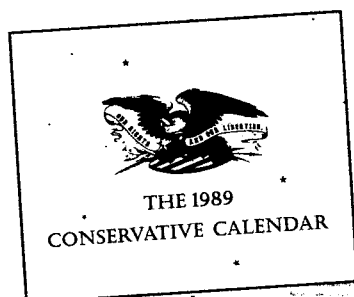
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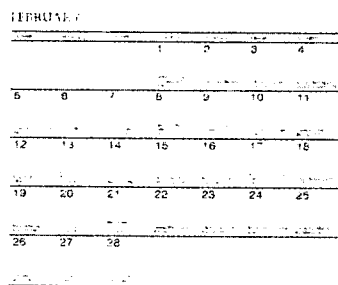


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Ronald Reagan

Sample of February dates

U.S. bans trade with Cuba (1962), 3rd
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that in the camp, poetry returns to its roots: the poet "awakens kindness with the lyre," as Pushkin wrote over a hundred years ago. Art is put to its original, most basic use: warming the hearts of fellow inmates, brutalized by life; healing their wounds and celebrating their joys. If all of this sounds a bit hokey, Miss Ratushinskaya brings it off admirably.

The use of poetry is not the only area that will make skeptical readers cringe. Miss Ratushinskaya is a Christian writer, whose technique consists in recording the most unbearable ordeals and shocking injustices, and following them up with positive messages. I have already shown that concerns for her torturers' salvation looms large. As for her fellow prisoners, she is frank about wanting to keep any shortcomings out of her picture of them: "I cannot lift my hand to relate uncharitable details about living people . . . who had to suffer prisons and camps." One may have qualms about a technique seemingly more suitable to hagiography, but the author's utter lack of hypocrisy forces us to accept it as a legitimate artistic choice.

Throughout the book, Miss Ratushinskaya walks a tightrope between saintliness and sanctimony. It is a tough act, especially when viewed from the perspective of today's America, where Christian messages are daily compromised by cable-TV preachers, and where a "positive attitude" is something associated more with corporate careers than with physical survival. To retain your faith, she writes, "you must not allow yourself to hate. Not because your tormentors have not earned it. But if you allow hatred to take root, it will flourish and spread during your years in the camps, and ultimately corrode and warp your soul. You will no longer be yourself, your identity will be destroyed, all that will remain will be a hysterical, maddened

and bedevilled husk of the human being that once was. And this is what will come before God . . ."

The clarity and sincerity of the voice are not in doubt, yet one is curious: is her attitude natural or acquired? She hardly mentions *overcoming* hatred, nor are there any references to the sort of catharsis that would lead to moral rebirth. Did she just happen to have a nature both stern and forgiving before embarking upon her torturous journey?

The question is relevant, because on many occasions Miss Ratushinskaya sounds a tad naive about the big wide world, both in Russia and abroad. For example, at one point she says that "the worst thing in camps" is "perpetual lies." True. But is it any different in Soviet life *outside* the camps? Later she lashes out against the police practice of using informers to solve crimes (she keeps politics out of it, and I will, too, to simplify the argument). It never seems to occur to her that this is a standard police technique, from Oslo to Lima. How many crimes would be solved in the U.S. if police could not use informers? Finally, she takes a militant stand against lesbianism, treating it as a social evil and a form of mental derangement. One need not be a pal of Andrea Dworkin to realize that prison sex is little more than rape in the first place, and just *happens* to be of the homosexual variety. I would be curious to see what Miss Ratushinskaya would make of lesbian activists in Greenwich Village. Surely the phenomenon is more complicated than she imagines.

In a sense, the author and her book have more than one purpose: the above-quoted passage on hatred weds moral issues to practical ones in a sermon-like manner. Later, she advises that the inmate-reader try to find a speck of humanity in the jailer. Or something amusing: "laughter dissolves anger." But if all else fails, she continues, compare your jailers to cockroaches, something to be destroyed without hatred, but rather with revulsion. This is quite a leap for the Christian ethic.

To those of us who enjoy freedom outside the Small Zone, the book's flaws cannot overshadow its importance as a testimony to a triumph over cruelty and injustice. One wishes ardently that it were this book's only value, that it were not also needed as a how-to manual on hunger strikes. The gulag is still in place, however, and the practical value of the book cannot be discounted. Perhaps one day another dissident will be able to use it for the same hands-on advice that Miss Ratushinskaya got from Solzhenitsyn. □

SURRENDER OR STARVE: THE WAR BEHIND THE FAMINE

Robert D. Kaplan/Westview Press/\$24.95

Carroll Doherty

If you were a careful reader of a major U.S. daily newspaper this fall, you might be aware of the deteriorating situation in Sudan. Jane Perlez, reporting from Nairobi, Kenya, for the *New York Times*, began her October 3 piece this way: "Increased fighting in the Sudanese civil war, which international relief workers say threatens two million people with starvation, has resulted in a sudden government setback."

Two million lives at risk. Yet few people, even among those who consider themselves well informed, are aware that food is being used as a weapon, with catastrophic consequences, by both sides in the Sudanese civil war. This fall was a busy season for the U.S. press, what with the presidential campaign coming to a climax, the Israeli election, and three whales trapped in the ice off Alaska. So African stories (with the exception of South African news) have received little play, even if, as in this case, two million people might die. Perlez, reporting from Kenya, managed to make the front page with one of her Sudan stories; the dispatch I cited above, its length no more than 600 words, ran on A-3.

It is generally that way with news from black Africa. There is little U.S. strategic interest in the continent, again excepting southern Africa, and the cultural ties that bind us to Europe are perceived to be absent there, even though more than 20 million Americans possess an African heritage. U.S. coverage of Africa begins after a while to look like the crime reports in the local section of the paper: 5,000 dead in tribal warfare in Burundi; locusts threaten crops in the Sahel; deaths from AIDS mount in Central and East Africa. After the numbers of dead or those at risk are duly reported, usually on the inside pages, the stories cease completely.

One would think that if U.S. news organizations ever had the chance to do a bit better, to provide at least some context for the mortality statistics, it would have been during the Ethiopian drought and famine of four years ago.

Carroll Doherty, the former editor of *Washington Report on Africa*, is a *Washington* writer.

It was one of the rare instances in recent decades when there was actual competition for a story in black Africa. But the competition, according to Robert D. Kaplan's new book *Surrender or Starve: The Wars Behind the Famine*, was over how to "make the U.S. public feel starvation," rather than understand the causes of it. Thus while the horrifying pictures galvanized the public into donating millions of dollars in relief aid, the Ethiopian famine became for the media "another disaster story, like the Mexican earthquake." Once again, the context was ignored.

What the major media missed by concentrating almost exclusively on the drought, writes Kaplan, were the "African killing fields" created by Ethiopia's Marxist government. The regime of Lt. Col. Mengistu Haile Mariam had, "through crop requisitions, the fixing of market prices, the forced collectivization of peasants, and the unwillingness to halt a war in which fields were burned and livestock decimated, brought its people to a point of such unprecedented, graphic deprivation that human suffering was all the media cared to go on."

With aggressive reporting, Kaplan fills in many of the gaps left by the dailies and networks. He provides extensive interviews with victims of the regime's brutal resettlement and "villagization" programs, under which millions of peasants were uprooted and relocated in government-controlled communities. Kaplan characterizes villagization this way: "Rarely in modern times have so many people had their human rights abused in so organized a fashion with hardly a whimper of real protest or sustained media coverage." At least 100,000 people died from the consequences of forced resettlement, according to a 1985 report by the French humanitarian group *Médecins sans Frontières*, which was expelled from Ethiopia after going public with its criticisms of the program.

Kaplan avoided the made-for-TV scenes at the government-run refugee camps, and instead trekked to less accessible, guerrilla-held areas in the provinces of Tigre and Eritrea, which

¹Several of these poems, translated without much finesse, are reproduced in the book, which never appeared in Russian. Alyona Kojevnikov's translation has a distinctly British flavor, with phrases like "Oh, but I'll lead you a dance!" as well as a few Russicisms that show through the context, like "personage" instead of "character," or "competent persons" (the Russian phrase *kompetentnye litza* implies jurisdiction, not competence). I had to laugh over a horse named "Starlet," evoking an image of a neighing Hollywood blonde. Russians have no word for "starlet," but in a Russian village, every other horse is named *Zvezdochka*, i.e., "Little Star"—light years away from Malibu. And what are *sardelles*, anyway—sardines from the Dardanelles? My guess is that the author had in mind *sardelki*, a Russian version of hot dogs. All of this should have been caught by a competent (not just *kompetentnyi*) editor. Otherwise, the translation seems quite decent.

received but a small share of the food aid provided by the West (although as many as half the peasants threatened with starvation lived in those areas). In Eritrea, the battleground for Africa's longest-running war, Kaplan found the most effective relief agency "in all of Africa" run by the rebels. He also found a guerrilla army, the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (EPLF), which "is doing more to bleed the resources of a Soviet-backed regime than are the contras in Nicaragua or the Angolan rebels led by Jonas Savimbi," without the benefit of U.S. assistance.

In making the case for the U.S. to rectify that situation—by selling the EPLF anti-aircraft weapons—Kaplan raises some difficult policy issues. He argues that "the EPLF only might have to fight a degree or two better than it presently is in order to create the conditions necessary for a coup or policy shift in Addis Ababa; conditions that millions of tons of Western-donated grain have not been able to create." Unfortunately, it is far from certain that a strengthened EPLF would topple the regime or force it into concessions. And the stakes are enormous. Rather than creating the conditions for a coup, military aid for the EPLF could as easily result in a decision by the Mengistu government to prevent U.S. private volunteer organizations (PVOs) from working in Ethiopia.

The question of how the U.S., or any potential donor government, should approach a country where millions are threatened with starvation, but where the regime is, at best, impervious to the needs of most of its people, is indeed a sensitive one. Donor nations are forced by circumstance to secure the cooperation of all manner of governments, even thug regimes like Mengistu's. As a result, they are generally reluctant to criticize aid recipients publicly, much less provide weapons to their opponents. After the French group was expelled following its report on the resettlement program, for example, the Western relief community was largely silent. Kaplan views that silence as "spinelessness." But it is also understandable: PVOs did not want to jeopardize their feeding

programs in the midst of a famine.

Because donor nations rely so much on the cooperation of the host government, they are left with little leverage to limit the barbarism that occurs in many recipient countries. In the ongoing war in Sudan, where both sides regularly interrupt food shipments, the U.S. has been reduced to using moral suasion. An October press release from the Agency for International Development states rather diplomatically, "We call on all parties to the conflict in Sudan to avoid interference with the movement of emergency relief operations so that the hungry might be fed and the sick attended." And this is a country where the U.S. has provided the government with millions of dollars in military and economic assistance, and over which, unlike Mengistu's regime, the U.S. should be able to exert some influence.

The frustrating reality is that, as Kaplan puts it, "although God may cause drought, famine in Africa is caused by the power relationships among Africans." That is a far more complicated, and ultimately depressing, message than the one captured in those first awful pictures broadcast from Ethiopia in 1984. For the pictures let viewers believe that if only sufficient aid were provided quickly enough, a disaster would be averted. Unquestionably, hundreds of thousands of lives were saved because of the massive Western relief effort, but in the end the outpouring of aid changed very little. "The Ethiopian death machine rolled on," Kaplan writes.

There was a handful of other journalists (Kaplan, to his credit, cites them liberally) who reported on what was actually happening in Ethiopia, and what responsibility the Mengistu government bore, throughout 1984-85. Interestingly, two of the publications most critical of the government were *Spin*, a rock magazine, and the *Nation*. But those reports, and the pieces Kaplan filed for the *New Republic* and *The American Spectator*, were overwhelmed by the pictures. Ethiopia was, most of all, a television story, and it demonstrated, according to Kaplan, "television's increasing ability to control the direction of a story and, by this very power, to intimidate the print media into following television's lead." □



OUR CHILDREN AND OUR COUNTRY: IMPROVING AMERICA'S SCHOOLS AND AFFIRMING THE COMMON CULTURE

William J. Bennett/Simon and Schuster/\$19.95

Elie Kedourie

This book is a collection of twenty-four speeches and lectures which William Bennett delivered as U.S. Secretary of Education—an office he held between 1985 and 1988. The pieces are hortatory exercises in which the author seeks to clarify for his (mainly professional) audiences the meaning and implications of school and university education, to warn of features and trends he believes to be undesirable and alarming, and to offer possible remedies.

Given the nature of speeches usually delivered by public men and politicians, it is likely that readers will come to such a book with low expectations. But they will discover fairly quickly how mistaken they are. For here is a public official with a cultivated and scholarly mind, whose discourse is both clear and coherent, and who feels no need to adopt a politic disguise for his views, or wrap up his meaning in bland circumlocutions.

The first reflection which occurs to one on approaching the book—indeed on looking at the dust jacket with its description of the author as Secretary of Education—is to wonder why a country like the U.S., with its federal Constitution and considerable dispersal of public powers, should at all have such an office. That education should be the affair of the government we can understand in the Greek *polis* with its stifling lack of a distinction between the private and the public, and with its ruling assumption that the *polites* is, from birth to death, under the control of his *polis*. In modern times, that children's education should be primarily the affair of the state is the invention of European enlightened absolutism—a political tradition at the opposite pole from that embodied in the U.S. Constitution.

Bennett seems to be very much aware of all this. He remarks that the most important role of the Department of Education in its brief history has been to provide information. His modest estimate of what the federal government, or perhaps any central public authority, can do in this sphere goes together with his insistence that no one

Elie Kedourie is professor of politics at the London School of Economics.

is more important to the nurture and protection of a child than a parent, and that a sensible government will recognize—and indeed take advantage of the fact—that seldom can it match or replace the care a parent can offer.

A fortiori, therefore, Bennett argues against the view that teaching is a specialized mystery—a mystery guarded and handed down from expert to expert:

"Like so many other groups in America [writes Bennett] educational leaders began to view themselves as a confederation of experts, sanctioned by training, tied together by professional associations, supported by science, and aided by elaborate research techniques. Their confidence in their own expertise became so optimistic, in fact, that one educator predicted that 'through the knowledge of the science of human nature and its work in the industries, professions, and trades, the average graduate of Teachers College in 1950 ought to be able to give better advice to a high school boy about the choice of an occupation than Solomon, Socrates, and Benjamin Franklin all together could give.'"

But to judge from facts and figures disclosed in this collection, there is little evidence that schoolchildren have benefited from the ministrations of such superior beings. From 1960 to 1980 federal welfare spending rose 437 percent—from \$69.2 billion to \$302.8 billion. During the same two decades money spent on education each year per student more than doubled, and the average class size shrank. Yet during the same period, aptitude test scores fell eighty-five points; the U.S. enjoys the highest rate of teenage pregnancy of any industrial country; homicide among young people and juvenile arrests more than doubled; and in 1985, 61 percent of all high school seniors (i.e., roughly two million) had million) had tried illicit drugs.

School education in the formal sense has also in many respects failed. Here, there can be seen a direct connection between pedagogical theory and mediocre results. The most effective method to teach reading to most children is to establish in their minds the relationship between letters and sounds. But for a half-century, the "look-say" method, which relies on a

child memorizing the appearance of entire words, was persistently followed in the face of much evidence that it did not work.

Again, instead of being inducted into the history of their own country, and given a grounding in the elementary facts of geography, schoolchildren "are submerged in a mass of extraneous information, derived from disciplines like anthropology, sociology, law, economics, and psychology." The consequences are visible and disquieting: a survey of eleventh-graders conducted in 1986 reveals that two-thirds could not place the Civil War within the period 1850-1900, one-third did not know that the Declaration of Independence was signed between 1750 and 1800, and one-third did not know that Columbus sailed before 1750.

In geography, the picture is similar. Ninety-five percent of university students in North Carolina did not know the approximate population of the U.S., or in what countries Baghdad, Lisbon, Madras, Manila, Capetown, and Budapest are located. One's own experience in teaching undergraduates even in good U.S. universities would confirm these findings.

Here, too, pedagogical theory may account for this state of affairs. A document published by the National Educational Association in 1917, *The Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education*, laid down the principles which for decades governed the training of schoolteachers, and hence the character of class teaching. This report declared that the major purpose of modern education is to promote what it called "social efficiency"; whatever did not contribute "rather directly to the appreciation of methods of human betterment" had no claim to be included in the curriculum. It is not surprising that an inquiry undertaken in 1975 by the Organization of American Historians should have found that in some states virtually no training in history is demanded from secondary school teachers. Also, as Bennett notes,

in one state, history teachers were being encouraged to emphasize concepts that transcend "any given historical situation." In another state, the trend was toward ethnocultural courses; in another, the focus was on problem solving, decision making; the OAH predicted that history would be supplanted by more "relevant" courses such as consumer affairs, ecology, and multicultural studies.

Another episode in pedagogical doctrine and policy recounted by Bennett is also worth considering. As a result of the civil rights legislation of the 1960s, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare decreed in 1970 that affirmative action had to be taken to rectify the language deficiency of schoolchildren whose home language

was not English. One means of rectification was to use the schoolchild's home language at school in order to help him learn English. But in 1974, 1978, and 1984, Congress insisted that school districts seeking federal funds should educate children solely through their native, non-English language in the belief that instruction should be given "with appreciation for the cultural heritage" of minority, non-English-speaking (and chiefly Hispanic) children. The overwhelming evidence is that this policy, which in seventeen years has cost \$1.7 billion, has in no way benefited those it was designed to help. Too many children have failed to become fluent in English, and have thus been denied the opportunities of employment and self-improvement which might have been open to them. The policy, in Bennett's words, was "confused as to purpose and overbearing as to means."

As Bennett sees it, there is the same great disproportion between the enormous sums accruing to universities from fees, corporate benefactions, and foundation grants and the mediocrity of the results. In 1984, for instance, corporations gave \$1.25 billion and foundations \$1 billion. Universities, however, have abandoned the central task of giving students a liberal education, so that they now "tend to lack a knowledge of their own tradition, they often have no standpoint from which to appreciate any other tradition, or even to have a sense of tradition." What has been substituted for a liberal education is a cafeteria-style curriculum lacking any coherence or rationale.

The most radical distemper which William Bennett identifies in both school and university has to do not with pedagogical theories or the prevalence of cafeteria-style curricula. It has rather to do with the abdication of both school and university in the field of moral education. One fundamental requirement in the education of the young is the inculcation of moral literacy. In a chapter on "Moral Literacy and the Formation of Character," very Aristotelian in its echoes and resonances, Bennett declares that if we want our children to possess the traits of character we most admire, we need to teach them what those traits are. The need to teach them arises from the fact that though they are generally known and accepted, children are not born with a knowledge of them. And in teaching these traits, we are not reinventing the wheel, but rather drawing on the moral traditions which are transmitted from one generation to the next. And it is only by drawing on this tradition that we incorporate new generations into our common world.

Moral issues are continually arising which raise great, sometimes agonizing, perplexities: nuclear war, abortion, euthanasia. But unless there has been education in moral literacy, these issues remain suspended in a relativistic void, where one value or one solution is seen to be as valid as the next one. But this void is precisely what some educationists prefer and advocate:

For example, in 1985 the *New York Times* ran an article quoting New York area educators proclaiming that "they deliberately avoid trying to tell students what is ethically right and wrong." The article told of one counseling session involving fifteen high school juniors and seniors.

In the course of that session the students concluded that a fellow student had been foolish to return \$1,000 she found in a purse at the school. According to the article, when the students asked the counselor's opinion, "He told them he believed the girl had done the right thing, but that, of course, he would not try to force his values on them. 'If I come from the position of what is right and what is wrong,' he explained, 'then I'm not their counselor.'" Now, once upon a time a counselor offered counsel, and he knew that an adult does not form character in the young by taking a stance of neutrality toward questions of right and wrong or by merely offering "choices" or "options."

If all choices are equivalent to one another, a radical nihilism will sooner or later prevail which no society can

survive. This relativism is both insidious and powerful, and it takes many forms. One of the latest is reflected in the view, which some university teachers have now adopted, that Western values and the Western civilization of which they are the expression are nothing special and should have no privileged place, or perhaps no place at all, in the curriculum. Bennett opposed this view in a report on the humanities in higher education published in 1984. In 1986 a panel of professors from leading colleges and universities denounced Bennett's views as "sexist, elitist, imperialist, bourgeois, ethnocentric, racist, selfish and solipsistic." In a chapter, "Why Western Civilization?", Mr. Bennett answers these absurd accusations, and this chapter perhaps best encapsulates the arguments and attitudes advanced in this collection. Among the many important points he makes here is that, of all civilizations, the Western is the most self-aware and self-critical, and the one which has learned to be open to other cultures, to study and to learn from them. It is also the one which is most self-reflective. William Bennett's mind, as this book discloses it to be, is a heartening example of what this civilization can nurture, and eventually call upon for its protection and defense. □

MEN OF ZEAL: THE INSIDE STORY
OF THE IRAN-CONTRA HEARINGS
William S. Cohen and George J. Mitchell/Viking/\$19.95

Henry J. Hyde

So useful did *Men of Zeal* become to the Democrats this fall that even the diminutive Duke of Massachusetts took to brandishing the book at press conferences with at least one of its authors, Senator George Mitchell of Maine, standing at his side. Mitchell's co-author, Senator William Cohen, also of Maine, had the good taste, being a Republican, not to appear at these press conferences, for which the rest of us Republicans are appropriately grateful.

That *Men of Zeal* was greeted so warmly by the Duke and his fellow Democrats comes as no surprise, since it is essentially a rehash of the majority report that followed the Iran-contra hearings in 1987 (in which Cohen and Mitchell were both major players). The

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book repeats all the approved establishmentarian pronouncements designed to gain favorable reviews from all the best people, concluding that the affair precipitated a grave constitutional crisis and predicting paralysis, national suicide, and so on and so forth should the misconduct of the Reagan Administration ever recur.

The failure of *Men of Zeal* to take off, to soar, is above all caused by the authors' unwillingness to tackle any of the larger questions raised by Iran-contra—for instance: What circumstances impelled the administration to seek an opening to Iran? Why, during the initiative itself, did we have to rely excessively on Israeli intelligence? What would be the regional and global consequences of a Soviet-dominated Iran? And, yes, what about the hostages?

The book might usefully have contained an appendix cataloguing the

cruel charges, hurled by the media and others throughout 1985 and 1986, accusing President Reagan of neglecting the hostages. As a published poet, perhaps Senator Cohen could have had the sensitivity to describe the President's feelings during his soul-wrenching interviews with hostage families; or to explore for us the range and depth of the President's emotions as he learned of the torture and death of William Buckley, then the CIA station chief in Beirut, at the hands of the terrorists. Nor do the Senator-authors show any inclination to explore how men like Oliver North, John Poindexter, Robert McFarlane, and even the alleged profiteer General Richard Secord might feel about the bloody war, in which they served, that was lost by politicians in Washington; or why such men can't forget what the politicians did to the Cuban freedom fighters at the Bay of Pigs on April 17, 1961; or why they can't easily erase from their consciences the scene on the roof of our Saigon embassy fourteen years later when the final American helicopters lifted off, abandoning uncounted thousands of Vietnamese who had worked and fought beside us, so that our politicians could at last give peace a chance.

The Senators might have also contributed to a deeper understanding of Iran-contra had they examined North and Poindexter's sense of betrayal as Congress temporized and appeased its way through the five versions of the Boland Amendment, drafted to hamstring the Nicaraguan freedom fighters in their struggle to prevent their homeland from becoming a second Soviet beachhead in our hemisphere. It would have been fascinating to read the Senators' analysis of North's mind-set as he tried to keep the contras a viable fighting force while waiting for a miracle: the return of lucid thinking in the United States Congress.

Too bad that nothing like this is even attempted in *Men of Zeal*; it's the sort of material that might have lifted the Senators' labors above the pedestrian.

Not that they lack authorial ambition. The Senators do try a little psychoanalysis on North, with just the right tone of detached patronization: "Oliver North," they find, "is a man of commitment, willing to act on his strong convictions. For most of us, life is filled with gray areas and uncertainty, and we often suffer from self-doubt. There are no gray areas in Ollie's mind..." Later they quote chief counsel Arthur Liman's famous question to North: "Colonel, is it fair to say that November 25, 1986, was one of the worst days in your life?" (This of course was the day Attorney General

Edwin Meese publicly announced he had found evidence of a "diversion" of funds, beginning the inexorable exposure of all of North and Poindexter's efforts to keep supplies coming to the contras.) What the authors fail to do is provide North's answer: "I will tell you honestly, counsel, that I have had many worse days than that. Most of those were days when young Marines died. And there have been days since then that are worse in some respects."

At one point we read of the innermost thoughts of Senator Mitchell, as he plans his tactics in questioning North, now that North, in Mitchell's words, "had become a national hero." Mitchell says he realized he needed to make a speech rather than ask a question, although House Republicans on the committee had noticed this tendency on Senator Mitchell's part for quite some time. Yet the Senator's remarks contained nothing that we hadn't been hearing for days, and would continue to hear again and again: "The rule of law is critical in our society," Mitchell lectured. "We must never allow the end to justify the means where the law is concerned. However important and noble an objective... it cannot be achieved at the expense of the rule of law in our country."

Now there is much that is true in these sentences, but much of it requires qualification. Again, the Senator fails to offer any perspective. Iran-contra was certainly not the first time presidential power had been exercised contrary to what some senators and congressmen thought the law to be. In 1803, President Jefferson doubled the size of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase and spent \$15 million when only \$2 million had been appropriated by Congress. Lincoln suspended the writ of habeas corpus, increased the size of the Army and Navy, declared martial law, issued the Emancipation Proclamation, and spent unappropriated funds, all without legal authority. And consider FDR's pre-Pearl Harbor arms deals with the

British and Truman's Korean War initiative—these too were undertaken without legal authority. Does Senator Mitchell think Jefferson and Lincoln and Roosevelt and Truman were wrong in pursuing these actions? Can anyone argue that the greater good was not served? If, on the other hand, Congress had been consulted and its authority sought, the legislative battles would have been endless. We tend to judge all such presidential usurpations by whether they succeed. Let them fail, and Congress will shout the loudest about the rule of law and the ends that never justify the means. None of this excuses breaking the law; but it provides an essential background for reaching understanding, if indeed understanding is what we seek.

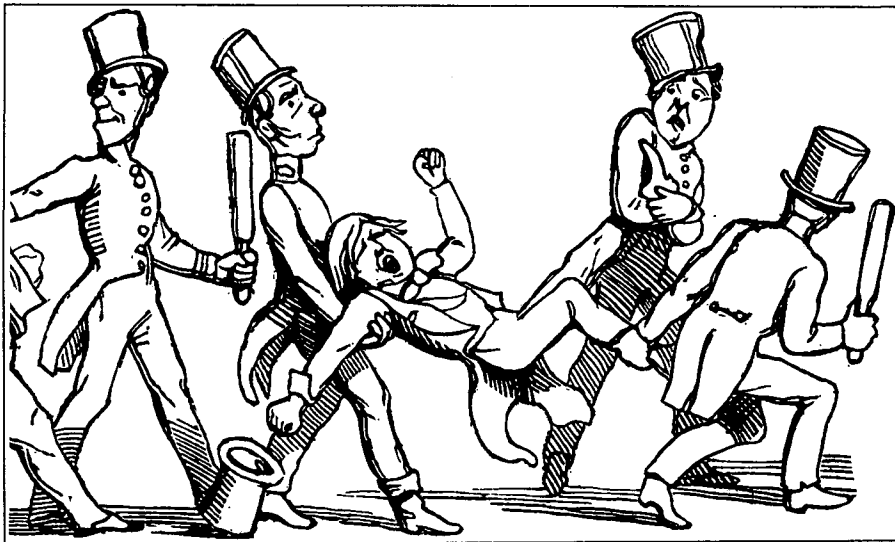
There is yet another failure of context in *Men of Zeal*. The authors never mention one of the precipitating factors in this affair: the systematic leaking to news media of classified information. The Senators scorn the judgment of the committees' minority report, which said that Congress's inability to keep a secret contributed significantly to the President's decision to defer notice of the Iranian initiative. They ridicule, for example, the minority's concerns about a report leaked to NBC by the former vice-chairman of the Senate intelligence committee, Pat Leahy of Vermont. Cohen and Mitchell argue that the information was unclassified and that, moreover, the White House had been "lobbying" the Senate intelligence committee to release the report. Yet they overlook the fact that David Boren, chairman of the intelligence committee, and other committee members thought Leahy's leak serious enough to ask him to resign from the committee. Nor do the authors mention that the previous chairman of the Senate intelligence committee, David Durenberger, was investigated and reprimanded by the Senate ethics committee for disclosure of classified information. Bear in mind

that both men would have been briefed on the Iran initiative if the President had chosen to inform Congress in advance.

Indeed, the Senate and House Iran-contra committees both provided numerous examples of congressional loose lips. From the outset the investigation was awash in leaks. We on the minority side kept track of these, and in our minority report pointed out that they "included misleading the media on the nature of a witness's secret testimony several days before he appeared as a public witness, as well as revealing intelligence collection methods, the identities of undercover personnel, and the names of a number of countries which, in one way or another, were trying circumspectly to be helpful to the United States in a variety of foreign policy undertakings. Needless to say, these disclosures, and others, are causing these and other countries to have serious reservations about future cooperation with the United States."

None of this gives the authors pause. Instead, they expend a full chapter plugging Senator Cohen's legislation (pending at the time of the book's publication) that would require the President to notify the two intelligence committees of any proposed covert activities within 48 hours. The bill sailed through the Senate last spring, passing 71 to 19. It was expected to enjoy equally smooth sailing when it reached the House, but something happened on the way to the Forum. In late September, Speaker of the House Jim Wright denounced with great fervor an alleged CIA covert activity in Nicaragua. The "disclosure" provoked anti-American headlines in Managua's pro-Sandinista newspapers and (to his credit) a sharp rebuke from Senator Cohen. According to the Senator, the "clear implication" of the Speaker's remarks was that Wright learned whatever he thinks he knows from someone on the House intelligence committee. Reported the *New York Times*: "What is unusual in today's developments is that Mr. Wright seemed to be publicly confirming information given to Congress on a confidential basis." Wright responded: "The fact that a matter is classified—secret—doesn't mean it is sacrosanct or immune from criticism."

The only good result of the Speaker's unfortunate and damaging allegations was that Senator Cohen's 48-hour-notice bill was put in mothballs. Meanwhile, Leak City babbles on, and it would have been nice to have the Senators admit as much when they attempt to recount the stories of North and Poindexter and the other players of Iran-contra. For such men—men of zeal, if you wish—deserve our understanding. And more: they deserve our gratitude. □



SECRET AND SACRED:
THE DIARIES OF JAMES HENRY HAMMOND,
A SOUTHERN SLAVEHOLDER

Edited by Carol Bleser/Oxford University Press/\$22.95

Dave Shiflett

At my family's plantation in Buckingham County, Virginia, there's a graveyard for the white folks and one for the slaves. Most of the slave graves are marked by cracked bare slates, but one marker, an ancient creek rock, radiates in the weeds: "Betty Stevens Only Read The Bible" it says, and the plantation consensus is that her departing soul flew first class to the Pearly Gates, where Saint Peter—and maybe even Number One—were personally on hand to wave her through.

But whither Betty Stevens's owners? Did they depart these rolling hills for the fiery lake? If they were anything like James Henry Hammond—well, even the thought of it is enough to make a descendant break into a sweat. Thankfully, they were nothing like Hammond, who was an exceptional man, and an exceptional slaveowner. Down on the plantation, we'd say there's a decent chance Hammond is currently experiencing exceptional difficulties.

To say that James Henry Hammond was a different breed of slaveowner from a Thomas Jefferson or a George Washington (or most others) is to put it mildly. Carol Bleser, who teaches history at Clemson, points out that Hammond "never agonized" about slavery; in fact, he was one of its more famous advocates. And his abuse was not confined to his slaves. These diaries, covering the years 1841-1864, do little to glamorize The Cause or its foulest institution, and additional material included by Bleser (whose *The Hammonds of Redcliffe* compiled four generations of family correspondence) does not improve his reputation—even among those who pine for the CSA. Few readers will fail to conclude that this man was a blue-ribbon skunk.

Hammond's beginnings were common enough: his father was a schoolteacher, his mother raised the children, and he went to South Carolina College, where his motto was "Women, wine, and cigars." He became a lawyer but that didn't take him where he wanted to be; Catherine Fitzsimons, a plain girl

with a big dowry, showed more promise.

Catherine's parents, who considered Hammond to be nothing more than a fortune hunter, asked him to renounce her dowry, but he hung tough and got Silver Bluff plantation (7,500 acres), other properties totaling 10,800 acres, 147 slaves, a residence, household furniture, twenty-six farm animals, ninety to 100 head of cattle, 180 to 190 hogs, some corn, potatoes, wheat, and cotton, and lots of hams and poultry. Plus Catherine, who was 17 at the time of her marriage.

Hammond and his wife had eight children, five of whom lived to maturity. He also worked hard to increase his other holdings: fields were cleared, swamps were drained, crops were worked. And so his fortunes rose. But at a cost. "Never has death been so easy in any spot of earth," he wrote on November 2, 1841. "Thirteen deaths and three still births in 10 months in a population of 160 [slaves] is unparalleled. Ten percent. Good heavens they have been decimated. . . . Negroes, cattle, mules, hogs, everything that has life around me seems to labor under some fated malediction."

But Hammond persevered, and accomplished much. His wealth and intellect helped him gain office as a congressman, U.S. senator, and governor of South Carolina. He thumped the drum for King Cotton and slavery, dined with the President, and was praised by great men both here and abroad. Brains, money, power—he had it all. But one thing was missing: peace of mind. James Henry Hammond spent his life in the existential frying pan.

How hot did it get? At 34 he gave a taste of what was to come: "The Demon of Dyspepsia—the cognomen under which are classed all the horrors of indigestion, nervous excitement or lassitude, weakness, giddiness, and sinking of the soul and body—has been my companion from my earliest recollection, and whenever I look back I see nothing but his wan visage and despairing frown. They blighted every joy in its bud. I was never allowed to realize anything. I was always looking to the

future . . ." Later that year the temperature had risen: "Great God what have I done. Never was a man so cursed!"

The meltdown continued throughout his life. "I wish I could hope that the New Year would open with better omens," he wrote on the last day of 1850. "But this side the grave I have No Hope." October 3, 1854, found him bleaker still: "The result of my experience of life and Him is that I pant for Annihilation." And on October 9, 1857, his head burst into flames: "It is wonderful that God should have made and placed in this world such a Soul as mine, to be quenched, aborted, and ended in Nothingness. I have long apprehended, but until now not fully believed it. Petty, pitiful trains of instances have brought about the catastrophe. I am too disgusted with them to be able to trace them. I despise, I loath, I vomit on them."

While Hammond had a rare talent for describing his anguish, he couldn't figure out Why Him. "I know I am very wicked and unworthy," he wrote on August 30, 1842. "But I see men more so who flourish and men less so who do not. That seems to have nothing to do with human affairs." In fact, Hammond thought himself a pretty decent fellow. "I have a tolerable clear conscience," he wrote a month later. "I can truly say that I have at least endeavored to do unto all men as I wished them to do unto me."

But if Hammond professed the golden rule, the record shows he didn't live by what you'd call a strict interpretation. Consider how he treated his slaves and family, who, in some cases, were one and the same. In January 1839, he spent \$900 on an 18-year-old seamstress named Sally and her one-year-old daughter, Louisa. Hammond made Sally his mistress and fathered several children by her. When Louisa turned 12, Hammond took her as his mistress as well, again fathering children. When Mrs. Hammond demanded that he choose between her and Louisa, he chose the latter.

What about the children? "I cannot free these people and send them North," he wrote his son. "It would be cruelty to them. Nor would I like that any but my own blood should own as Slaves my own blood or Louisa. I leave them to your charge, believing that you will best appreciate and most independently carry out my wishes in regard to them. Do not let Louisa or any of my children or possible children be slaves of Strangers. Slavery in the family will be their happiest earthly condition."

What do you say about a man who ordered his own children

to be kept in bondage? Hammond was obviously sold on the peculiar institution, which he considered a "great good." His treatment of his own mixed-blood children, who in his eyes were inferior, was consistent. But even on his own terms, Hammond was guilty of procreating with sub-humans—and choosing them over his wife. You might send such a man to Congress, but would you leave him alone with your daughters? Hammond's brother-in-law did, and lived to regret it. Hammond later admitted to sexual relationships with his four nieces, ages 13-19, that lasted two years and included "everything short of direct sexual intercourse."

Neither was he hesitant to take a poke at the Almighty, at Whom he fired his fiercest salvos. "If God would only allow my negroes to live and thrive and give me reasonable health, I could stand the rest and fight it out with the world," he wrote early in his career. By 1845, he complained that "when it became necessary for God to help me, He failed." On December 13, 1853, Hammond blew his stack: "If God—that is a Superior and Designing Being—created me and placed me here; if this is all or the best, I do not thank him." And this: "If there is a hereafter, then the God who placed me here owes me large compensation for the suffering I have involuntarily undergone on Earth."

Hammond's mature religious convictions were recorded in 1853, and reflect just a touch of arrogance. "I wholly believe all men are Inspired more or less according to their intellectual Endowments. But that any One who ever trod the Earth had any direct communication with God any more than I have had and all have had, I do not believe and never can be made to believe. It is therefore my privilege as much as that of Moses and the Prophets, of Christ and the Apostles, to seek God and search after his Designs and Will through Nature and the workings of the Human Mind and Sentiments and Passions—my own and others."

He lived until 1864, dying two days before his fifty-seventh birthday as the Yankees closed in for the kill. "If we are subjugated," he told an attending son, "run a plow over my grave." But as Hammond no doubt knew, you can't conceal greatness forever. Through his diaries he rises again, a towering figure in his proud and pathetic enormity. Some might say his fate was tragic. Down on the plantation, we'd say he reaped what he sowed. □

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RIDING THE IRON ROOSTER:
BY TRAIN THROUGH CHINA
Paul Theroux/G.P. Putnam's Sons/\$21.95

BEHIND THE WALL:
A JOURNEY THROUGH CHINA
Colin Thubron/Atlantic Monthly Press/\$18.95

Francis X. Rocca

Here is the first literary fruit of the new access to China: two first-person accounts of solitary travel on the mainland. The authors are prominent, and both divide their careers as novelists and travel writers. Paul Theroux, the more popular and more prolific, is an American. Colin Thubron is an Englishman who has won critical praise for his books on Cyprus and Western Russia. Both of them reside in England. Except for Manchuria and Tibet, where only Theroux ventures, they cover literally the same ground, but they stay worlds apart in style and temperament.

Theroux, according to his custom, goes almost exclusively by rail—even to get to China in the first place: for the first chapter, he crawls through Europe and the Soviet Union. His terrestrialism serves him well in the PRC, where the national airline's acronym, CAAC, is said to stand for "China Airlines Always Crashes" (or "Cancels"). Fortunately, the trains run on time. The train that runs the farthest, from Peking to Urumchi, is known as "The Iron Rooster" (thus his title).

Theroux writes in plain language well suited to the long haul. It is a blunt and slightly slangy style, peppered with profanity and laced with italics:

They spat all the time. They cleared their throats so loudly they could drown conversation—they could sound like a Roto-rooter or someone clearing a storm drain, or the last gallon of water leaving a Jacuzzi. With their cheeks alone they made the suctioning: *hhggaarrkh!* . . . They just dropped it and moved on. Well, it was a crowded country—you couldn't just turn aside and hock a louie without hitting someone. But after the snarkings, the mucus streaking through their passages with a smack, Chinese spitting was always something of an aimless anticlimax.

He is never "literary," except when he alludes to his reading along the way, which ranges from *Kidnapped* to *The Golden Lotus*.

His is erudite reportage throughout. As did Thubron, he learned Mandarin and steeped himself in the history as well as the literature. The result is fact-filled but not pedantic. He recites a

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litany of inventions by the Chinese: gunpowder, the steam engine, the mechanical clock, etc. Then he points out that they forgot them all, and had to copy them again from the West. Today they are a nation of industrious anachronists, who are still making those steam engines; also spittoons, chamber pots, and iron plows; and they write with quill pens.

The tone is sarcastic, caustic, and querulous, which annoys as often as it amuses. Grumpiness over food, weather, and an intractable bureaucracy are understandable. Unkind caricatures, such as those of a mercenary chauffeur and his tag-along girlfriend who take Theroux on a perilous ride to Tibet, provide some needed comic relief. At other times the nastiness is gratuitous, as when Theroux joins a group of Western tourists for no apparent reason except to skewer them later in print. His smugness is never relieved by self-mockery.

Certain subjects are conspicuously neglected. Theroux has always avoided the twin taboos of polite American conversation: religion ("not my favorite subject") and politics ("a hideous subject"). He portrays the exiled Dalai Lama sympathetically, but Theroux's sympathies are nationalistic and not spiritual. By his silence, he dismisses the oppression of religion. It is more surprising that he ignores the oppression of his own sort, writers. He equates Communist censorship with the temporary suppression, in Britain and the U.S., respectively, of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Tropic of Cancer* (more than twenty-five years ago!). To him, purges of Chinese intellectuals are merely "boring political ambushes." Although he makes the Cultural Revolution a grim leitmotif of his book, he deems it in principle not a bad idea: "the perfect shock" for a passive people, that only went too far. He trivializes it:

I thought of all the upstarts, know-it-alls, teachers, critics, and book reviewers that I would love to have seen herded onto a train to Mongolia to shovel pig shit and live in barns. But of course I would be among them. . . . It was an awful fate, but it was easy to imagine how the policy had come about. Everyone in his life has wished for someone he disliked to be trundled off to shovel shit—especially an uppity person who has

never gotten his hands dirty. Mao carried this satisfying little fantasy to its nasty limit.

This book is not exactly an apology for Mao. Theroux's view is not uncritical, but it is absurdly sentimental in light of the facts. Theroux is offended that the Great Helmsman has been repudiated by his people so thoroughly and so soon after his death. He enumerates Mao's virtues: "I admired his military brilliance, his subtle mind, his wit and charisma, his ingenuity and toughness." The Chinese find this sort of talk embarrassing. But Theroux has left his naiveté behind in the sixties, when he was a Peace Corps volunteer in Africa, and a catechumen of the Little Red Book. No matter how charismatic Mao's image remains, it is blemished with blood. Theroux cannot endorse him, so he subscribes to the crudest revisionist propaganda: that the senile old Chairman was manipulated by the Gang of Four and their clique of malevolent usurpers. At least, he repeats this and does not discount it. He cannot abide the scapegoating by a whole generation with blood on its hands who carried out the Cultural Revolution, and who now wish to exculpate themselves by blaming Mao. Because they will not stand another purge on that scale, even the victims comply with this pretense.

Theroux is harsh. He illustrates copiously the conformism and cowardice of the Chinese, with additional and unflattering views of their newly flourishing commercialism. He is not unfair, but he makes a hopeless and ungenerous assessment of the national character. Not that he is a chauvinist: he is an expatriate who has written an ungracious travelogue of his adopted land (*The Kingdom by the Sea*). He is not a bigot in the regular sense, but a promiscuous misanthrope, who travels the globe to witness the diversity of human depravity.

Where Theroux is hardbitten, Thubron is tender, though no less ambitious. He goes from the seacoast on the east all the way to the edge of the Gobi desert, 2,000 miles west. But he does not stray north or west of the Great Wall (thus *his* title). Thubron arrives in a plane, but makes his rounds by train, bus, bicycle, and often on foot.

Thubron is also lyrical. Without taking false economies of language, he manages elegant concision, even in luxuriant passages, such as the description of Suzhou:

White-washed houses sealed the main streets in a skin of carved lintels and lattices, and along the canals the lanes became footpaths of mellow paving. Clay barges glided on the wind-stirred current, parting a drift of leaves and feathers, while above them verandas and fish-scale roofs glissaded and petered out in

creepers. And flowers bloomed everywhere. Oleanders, yuccas, hollyhocks, cannas, lilies—they jostled the water-lanes and blazed in the courtyards. They grew not only by municipal decision but by private love, and had seeded themselves in the clefts of walls or under the weeping willows.

He can be inventively descriptive, as when he expresses mixed feelings by saying that his personality separated "like something improperly cooked." The portraits are distinct and memorable. Conversations are punctuated with telling gestures. In a small masterpiece of less than two pages he quotes an army officer's shocking reminiscences. As the man speaks, Thubron watches his physiognomy transform, when he doffs his cap, puts on spectacles, or merely turns his head.

Thubron's learning complements his imagination. He imparts history and his immediate observations with the same vividness. During the visit to Suzhou—once a retirement village for the patriciate—he ignores the tourist hordes and conjures up the old city: exquisite gardens populated by the ghosts of their venerable tenants. The effect is sad and lively at once. Outside of Nanjing, he comes upon a ruined Corinthian column and traces it back through the complicated intercourse of East and West to Greek origins.

Thubron is compassionate: he shares an old widower's grief and a young man's unrequited love. He is humane: he buys an owl at a market rather than have it slaughtered as a delicacy. A sympathetic nature lends him special insight. Oddly, foreignness in itself can elicit confidence from this reserved people, as both writers discover. Moreover, Thubron's friendliness encourages actual intimacy on several occasions, when he discovers the Chinese more deeply. When he visits a Nanjing household, which is riven by peculiar political pressures and beset by universal frustrations, he gets revelations that defy pieties about the discipline and solidarity of the Chinese family.

The humor is rare but genuine, as in Thubron's reactions to the grotesque. Wax models of diseased tongues in a Peking medical school fill him with hypochondriacal anxiety about his own tongue (and likewise the reader about his). He inspects but barely picks at his meal of python and cat in a Canton restaurant, to the reader's relief. These vicarious effects are only possible because the author has the good will of his reader. Thubron ingratiates himself by humor at his own expense, as when the rescued owl fouls its own bag, to the disgust of other train passengers, who regard Thubron as a lunatic for wasting a fine meal; or when he describes his Caucasian homeliness by Han Chinese standards.

Thubron treats religion more sensitively than Theroux. Not as a believer, but with respect, he documents the slow revival of several traditions that have withstood official atheism. He watches the loving restoration of mosques, churches, and Buddhist monasteries (desecrated during the Cultural Revolution), and he is touched by a birthday party for Confucius in the Sage's hometown of Qufu.

Thubron shows the human as well as the architectural wreckage of the Cultural Revolution more dramatically than Theroux, and he lays more blame on Mao. On the magnitude of the horror he is emphatic:

Nobody was safe. Officials, doctors, teachers, scientists—all the elite of the professions and the arts, anybody tinged with privilege or the West (and millions who weren't)—were ritually humiliated, ingeniously tortured, exiled, beaten to death. . . . A hysterical xenophobia reigned. Cultural life was laid waste. Variety and beauty in themselves became criminal. Even pet cats and dogs were slaughtered (producing a plague of rats). Ornamental trees and flower-beds were dug up. Stamp-collecting, chess, keeping goldfish—nothing was innocent.

Nor is Thubron pleased with the aftermath. He accepts the prevailing acquisitiveness and self-interestedness, but he misses his own discredited "puritan concept of Communism." Both he and Theroux are disillusioned, but neither admits a plain truth of the complex matter: that it was a particularly totalitarian disaster, notwithstanding its roots deep in Chinese society; that the resentment among classes could never have exploded this way, and the struggles among the rulers could never have taken such a toll on the nation, except under Communism.

Thubron agonizes over his judgments. He considers the Chinese especially cruel, to animals and each other, yet he strives to be fair. Learning of historical cannibalism, and seeing that roadside corpses are ignored except as lurid entertainment, he finds his worst prejudices confirmed. But he seeks, and naturally he discovers, kindness—and tenderness in mourning. He concludes only tentatively: "they [are] not less humane than we, merely less illusioned."

He agrees with Theroux that millennia of obedience to one Emperor or another, and then to a Chairman, have established a tradition of evading blame and attributing it to the leader. He wonders if this "collective morality" was not excellent preparation for Marxism. Perhaps the imposition of this imported ideology did less damage to Chinese integrity than to its victims in the West. Whether this is a compliment or an insult is not obvious. Thubron is a cautious, complex moralist.

For Theroux, Tibet is the last stop, "the only place in China I eagerly entered, and enjoyed being in, and was reluctant to leave." In fact, this is not China at all, by ethnicity or language—just by military force. He declares: "I thought I liked railways until I saw Tibet and I realized that I liked wilderness much more." This is the evolution of Theroux's aversion to other people. More than Tibet's ir-

repressible native culture, he enjoys its isolation, vastness, and emptiness: "It looked wonderful to me, like the last place on earth; like a polar ice cap, but emptier."

Thubron finishes his journey at the western end of the Wall at Jiayuguan, the very end of classical China, once called the Mouth of China, from which exiles were traditionally spat into oblivion. Outside it lies the "chaotic bar-

renness" of the Gobi desert. It is the end of a day at the beginning of winter. Thubron stands there in solitude, overlooking an abyss.

At the ends of their respective journeys, Theroux is ecstatic, Thubron enervated. Yet they have both arrived at nihilistic conclusions. They have come to the middle of nowhere, which is perhaps what they were looking for all along. □

NEW FROM LibertyPress MODERN AGE: THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

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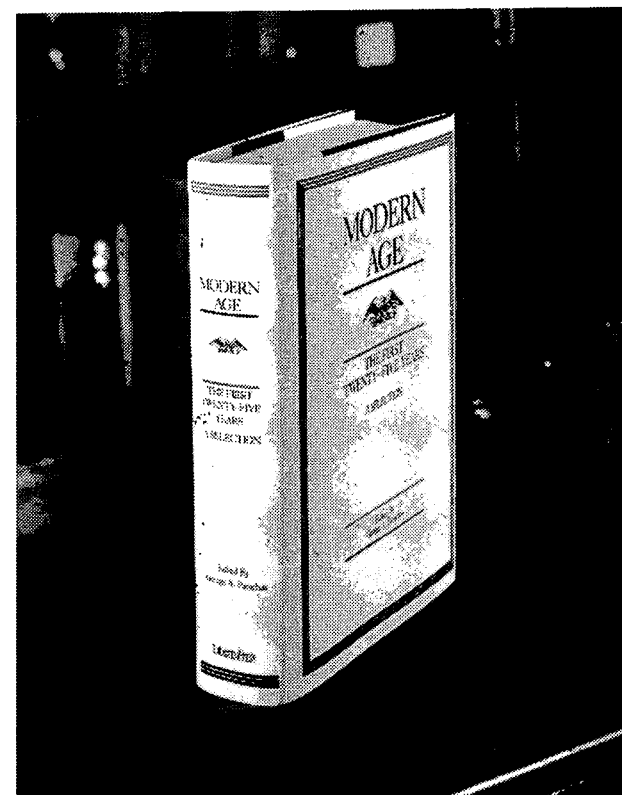
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KEEPING THE TABLETS:
MODERN AMERICAN CONSERVATIVE THOUGHT

Edited by William F. Buckley, Jr. and Charles R. Kesler
Harper & Row/\$29.95; \$15.95 paper

Terry Eastland

This is a revised edition of the collection William F. Buckley, Jr. published in 1970 under the title *American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century*. (The trade edition bore the more intriguing title, *Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?*) Only 30 percent of the 1970 essays survive. But the twenty-six essays that make up *Keep-*

Terry Eastland is resident scholar at the National Legal Center for the Public Interest.

ing the Tablets address the same matters, which preeminently include the limits of the state and the threat of Communism. As the title suggests, this is not a book about policy prescriptions but first principles—what you'd find engraved in stone.

Buckley and his co-editor, Charles R. Kesler, a government professor at Claremont McKenna College, deserve credit for bringing out this volume at the close of the Reagan era. This is an appropriate time for conservatives, as

Kesler puts it in his introduction, to reacquaint themselves "with the paradigms of conservatism, to revisit the insights that first gave rise to the conservative movement and that have guided the rhetoric of the Reagan administration."

This is also a good time to be pondering the future of conservatism, and *Keeping the Tablets* is useful in this regard. The essays collected here not only state first principles but also show that conservatives are seriously divided on some basic propositions.

There is a group of conservatives, represented in this volume by Willmoore Kendall, who are not enthralled with the Declaration of Independence and its understanding that "all men are created equal." These conservatives champion states' rights, are wary of the Fourteenth Amendment, and come close to endorsing pure majoritarianism. Some of the conservatives in this group seem at times more English and European than American; they are more conversant with Edmund Burke, for example, than with George Washington or James Madison.

In very clear disagreement with this group is another, represented here by Harry V. Jaffa (who appears twice in this volume), whose understanding of the American experiment is grounded in the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. For these conservatives, the union preceded the states, the Fourteenth Amendment is hardly anathema, and pure majoritarianism is inconsistent with the very principles by which our political society has been organized. These conservatives seem much more at ease with the American political tradition.

The differences between Kendall and Jaffa, Kesler's philosophical mentor, have appeared politically during the Reagan years, in personnel selections as well as policies. But as Kesler understands, conservatives face a choice in these matters. He comes down, as I do, with Jaffa or, more precisely, with the Declaration of Independence and its teachings. "There is no substitute for the faith of our fathers," he writes. "If the Declaration of Independence is not American, then nothing is." The Declaration supplies the moral principles, he says, that prudence then may serve.

This is not the place to advance the many reasons why Kesler is right, only to observe that his thinking has important practical consequences. He argues that the moment American conservatism fully embraces the political teaching of the Declaration it will be more able to speak "the vernacular of American politics." It will thus begin to shed its status as a "movement" (which many conservatives are rightly proud of but whose persistence confirms its parochial character). And, he goes on to say, if

conservatism understands, as progressivism did at the turn of the last century, the importance of political parties, it will reconstitute the Republican party by having it raise "fundamental questions of justice and the common good that lie at the heart of politics." These include such questions as the unjustness of progressive taxation, the danger to everyone's rights posed by quotas and other racial preferences, and the importance of the Strategic Defense Initiative as the only plausible means of fulfilling the constitutional responsibility to protect the nation.

Kesler's introductory essay should be read and reread. But there are related issues that neither he nor the contributors to *Keeping the Tablets* adequately explore. One is the role of the courts in our society. Walter Berns brilliantly demonstrates how Oliver Wendell Holmes provided the theoretical groundwork for judicial activism as well as for what Kesler calls "the positivist version of judicial restraint." Kesler parenthetically explains this as "deference to legislative majorities without any higher law limitations," but more discussion of the deeper issues involved would have been fitting in this volume. For example, conservatives divide on the question of whether judges should invoke "higher law limitations" that have not been expressed in positive law. Should judges say the Constitution protects the right to life of the unborn even though the Constitution does not mention that? Meanwhile, conservatives of varying points of view are busy working out theories of legal interpretation. For example, there is the Law and Economics school, perhaps best represented by Richard Posner, a Reagan appointee on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit. There are those who seek to discern the "original meaning" of the law. An essay on legal interpretation would also have been appropriate.

So too would have been at least one essay on the very difficult problems of cultivating virtue in a society that celebrates liberty and sometimes gets it confused with license. This problem involves a complex of issues, including the roles of religion, family, and community. (One of the best essays on the subject, incidentally, was Irving Kristol's "Republican Virtue vs. Servile Institutions," published in the February 1975 issue of *The American Spectator*.)

Finally, it's worth noting that *Keeping the Tablets* includes four essays on Communism that illustrate conservative unanimity on at least one matter. The pieces by Gerhart Niemeyer and James Burnham are separated in time by at least fifteen years from those



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by Norman Podhoretz and Jeane Kirkpatrick. But all of them are agreed on the evil of Communism. Despite apparent changes in the Soviet Union, the underlying reality of Soviet ideology remains the same. For contemporary evidence of what can result from Communism the world has only to look at Ethiopia.

Niemeyer's essay on the "Communist mind" is as cogent and insightful as you will find ("Communist totalitarianism springs from the arrogation of the role of God," he writes.) And Burnham's contribution, reprinted from the 1970 volume, wears well. In one striking sentence, he makes the ultimately important point: "So

long as we are willing to include death among possible alternatives, we shall always be free to choose."

Keeping the Tablets closes, as the earlier volume did, with essays by Whittaker Chambers and Albert Jay Nock on "The Spiritual Crisis." These are eloquent reminders of the spiritual dimension of much conservative thought. This dimension has not, for all conservatives, been Christian, or even monotheistic. But whatever its character, it has provided conservatives with some degree of serenity in what Buckley calls "this dreadful century." In reminding us that this world is not all there is, *Keeping the Tablets* keeps the most important tablet of all. □

**CAPITALISM AND ARITHMETIC:
THE NEW MATH OF THE 15th CENTURY**
Frank J. Swetz/Open Court Publishing Co. (LaSalle, IL)/\$16.95

William McGurn

If ever a people demonstrated how adversity could be turned into opportunity, it was the Venetians. Instead of bemoaning their marshy collection of mudbanks and islets, the refugees driven there by the Lombard invasions of northern Italy linked the disparate lumps into a first-class city connected by its now famous canals. They then turned their maritime skills outward, and it wasn't long before Venice became a power to be reckoned with. By the time the fifteenth century rolled around, it was the trading capital of Europe.

For all their financial acumen, however, the merchants of Venice were at that time still working with pretty crude tools. On top of this, trade with ever more exotic parts of the world was presenting new problems in the form of setting exchange rates, dealing with different units of weight and measurement, working out profit shares, not to mention finding enough capital to fund foreign ventures whose benefits would not be realized for months, perhaps even years. With mathematics essentially confined to the university, the need for practical calculation led to the rise of "reckoning masters" to teach the sons of middle-class merchants the applied arithmetic that was fast becoming essential to Renaissance business. In *Capitalism and Arithmetic*, Frank J. Swetz charts the consequent move of mathematics "from the realm of scho-

lastic speculation to the application of the marketplace."

Today the innovations of the Venetians are taken for granted, and most of the problems in *Capitalism and Arithmetic* could be handled by a fifth-grader. So much do we take the existing system as natural (and indigenous) that we forget, for example, that the Hindu-Arabic numerals now in use were imported and did not gain widespread acceptance until the fourteenth century; try dividing CLXVIII by XIV and you have some idea what this change alone meant. What merchants desperately needed then (and still need today, if floating exchange rates are any key) were set standards to help them measure, compare, and assign value to disparate goods.

Because the scholasticism of the universities did not venture out much beyond classical theory, merchants looked to the reckoning masters for the hands-on mathematics they needed. It was one of these masters who in 1478 wrote the book around which Swetz builds his own study: the *Treviso Arithmetic*. Named for the small trading town just north of Venice where it originated, it is the earliest printed book of arithmetic. Although Swetz concedes the *Treviso Arithmetic* is "neither elegant nor necessarily outstanding by the standards of the fifteenth century," it is nonetheless significant for what it reveals about the dramatic changes in society wrought by the rise of mercantile capitalism. Included in the book is a complete translation of the *Treviso Arithmetic* made by David Eugene

Smith at the turn of the century.

That work is nothing if not straightforward. The *Treviso Arithmetic* was after all a textbook, and proposed to instruct students in five basic skills: counting, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Save for the language used to explain these operations ("to multiply one number by itself or by another is to find from two given numbers a third number which contains one of these numbers as many times as there are units in the other") the book thus holds little interest for theorists. Unlike the new math, moreover, it did not skirt the need for memorization: "We should not complain . . . at having to learn these things by heart in order to acquire readiness; for I assure you that these things which I have set forth are necessary to anyone who would be proficient in this area, and no one can get along with less." Wading through the same pages today, one readily imagines the frustration of a student grappling with these seemingly meaningless tables, followed by the kindling of interest as the master began to show how to apply this knowledge to divide profits, figure out foreign exchange, barter wool for silver without the medium of money, and so forth. Even if you weren't the kind of kid who liked to figure out what time the train traveling east from Chicago would intercept the train traveling west from New York, it's hard to suppress a smile upon reading how the same word problem was put to fifteenth century Italians:

The Holy Father sent a courier from Rome to Venice, commanding him that he should reach Venice in 7 days. And the most illustrious Signoria of Venice also sent another courier to Rome, who should reach Rome in 9 days. And from Rome to Venice is 250 miles. It happened by order of these lords the couriers started their journey at the same time. It is required to find in how many days they will meet . . .

The answer, of course, is $3 \frac{15}{16}$ days.

Ironically Swetz, a math professor at Pennsylvania State University, is at his most persuasive when he is talking about capitalism. The changes in math, he is ever reminding us, were not conceived in a vacuum. The printing press had been invented only the century before, Columbus was about to discover the New World, and the internationalization of trade was forcing a quantum leap in business practices. Much like Donald Landes in *Revolution in Time*, which showed how the invention of clocks not long before had made the modern concept of productivity possible (output per measurement of time), *Capitalism and Arithmetic* demonstrates the interplay between fifteenth century business and fifteenth century math and the dynamism

this unleashed on Western society.

More than anything else, says Swetz, foreign trade was the catalyst that set off the whole shebang:

The driving force that brought Marco Polo, and his father and uncle before him, to the court of Kublai Khan was a search for profit. The Polos were Venetian merchants seeking to advance their fortunes but, as a result of their adventures and travels, European society learned of foreign lands and strange people. It is no mere coincidence that Fibonacci, one of the principal conveyors of a knowledge of the Hindu-Arabic numeral system to Europe, was also a merchant. During their travels, merchants were also keen observers of foreign techniques, customs, and procedures that affected their trade prospects. They were also able record-keepers and compiled detailed logs of personal impressions and empirical facts relevant to commerce.

Throughout the pages of *Capitalism and Arithmetic*, Swetz charts how the search for profit fed the demand for knowledge, which folded back on itself in an ongoing circle of activity that characterizes free economies even today. Like the revolution that brought computers into the home, the social consequences of that fifteenth century commercial ferment was a democratization of knowledge that hitherto had been confined to a relatively small elite.

Such is the logic of capitalism. The entrepreneur is constantly driven by competition to search for ways to expand his market by making things cheaper and cheaper, which is why items that were luxuries to our grandparents—are everyday essentials today. It is the same with knowledge. "From the thirteenth century onward," writes Swetz, "thousands of students at the universities had a Latin exposure to the new arithmetic, but it was not until the acceleration of commercial activities and the advent of printing that this knowledge was disseminated to the 'common man.'" This, of course, is what Marx was getting at when he spoke of the "revolutionary role" of the bourgeoisie in turning feudal society upside-down.

Swetz relays all this with the enthusiasm of an amateur but the expert's eye for that telling anecdote. He explains, for example, how the word "bankruptcy" comes from the punishment meted out to a moneylender of this time; when found guilty of fraud he was publicly discredited by having his bench (*banco*) broken (*ruptus*). Swetz talks too of how the Venetian Republic would cut off the right hand of anyone found debasing the currency (coins were frequently chipped or sweated for the gold or silver in them), a salutary practice that if applied today would see most of the world's central bankers shaking hands lefty. There is finally a touching tribute to the man who first translated

William McGurn is deputy editorial page editor of the Asian Wall Street Journal.

the *Treviso Arithmetic* into English, the late Professor Smith.

Above all, Swetz reveals himself in *Capitalism and Arithmetic* to be one of those rare mathematical minds whose own expertise does not get in the way of passing down some of the excitement and beauty of the subject to the layman. It is all done, moreover, in workmanlike prose with none of the pedantry usually found when masters condescend to write for the masses. "There's more to mathematics than theory," writes Swetz, "for theory by itself, without a mode of expression or articulation, remains impotent." This is, in short, the voice of a teacher. □

EDITORIAL

(continued from page 11)

for himself about the economy, and I wonder if Mr. Bush recognizes what the average American thinks about junk bonds. There is evidence that the citizenry is growing apprehensive. Consider the recent reports that pension funds are bailing out of the Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts version of the RJR Nabisco deal. Perhaps the average American recognizes that giant corporations are changing hands for no sound economic reason. Then too, the citizenry might recognize that many of these corporations are being burdened with intolerable levels of debt, which in time could flatten them.

Not long ago one of the most successful corporate buyers in the country, Theodore J. Forstmann, wrote insightfully in the *Wall Street Journal* against the current frenzy of corporate takeovers, so many of which are financed by bonds of very dubious long-range quality. The result was an avalanche of favorable reaction from colleagues and from others with no experience whatsoever on Wall Street. All knew what the elites on the street do not want to know—to wit: the takeover frenzy has reached the point of dangerous excess. Consider Federated Department Stores' fall to Robert Campeau.

At the outset of the leveraged-buyout era, the development of the high-yield bond by the legendary Michael Milken was economically sound and socially beneficent. It extended capital to young, growing companies that could not break into the privileged world of the investment-grade elite. Later, when the high-yield bond (soon to be dubbed the junk bond) was used for acquisitions (leveraged buyouts), that too was a good thing, for it allowed the innovative entrepreneurs to take over bloated corporations, sell off their uneconomic assets, and produce more efficiently and economically. Some corporations had found themselves

abundant with cash. Rather than return it to shareholders, they created empires by gobbling up other companies, many of which they were incapable of managing soundly. Then along came the Forstmans, taking over these flabby giants and putting their underused assets to productive work.

The use of junk bonds of late has become excessive, and their value more dubious for the long run. There has been a perceptible breakdown in prudent market discipline, for the real money now is made in the chauffeuring of deals, not the management of assets. Lawyers and investment bankers emboldened by high fees have created bonds and other debt instruments heaping vast debt on corporations and leaving them with no margin in the event of a temporary financial setback. When a business downturn comes for one of these corporations it will go under, leaving people unemployed and security holders devastated. In a nationwide downturn affecting all industries, the resultant unemployment and bankruptcy will make that downturn deeper than need be.

During the 1980s supply-side advocates have been right to argue that growth holds out the best promise of economic well-being. But now a division is developing within the supply-side ranks, as some warn against further indulgence in the junk bond orgies while others argue that junk assures growth. These advocates of junk are now endangering the real growth of the 1980s.

Growth cannot take place in a regulated, protectionist economy, and that is where the junk bond frenzy will take us. Burdened by excessive debt, American corporations will find themselves uncompetitive on the world market. Then, to protect themselves from being put out of business by foreign producers, the call will go up for protectionism. The present era of growth will be finished. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 9)

never know, for sure, how the President felt. I suspect, however, the President was not pleased. Don Regan's desperate attempt to find a free market alternative at the eleventh hour suggests he, too, knew the President expected to have this as an option.

Even though meetings between Al Kingon, Don Regan, and the President are not part of the story, as I reported it, the essential point of the story is not compromised. The matter was handled badly by the White House from Day One. Otis Bowen was the wrong choice for Secretary of Health and Human

Services. Don Regan is to blame for that decision. After Bowen seized the initiative from the President on catastrophic health care, the White House showed itself virtually powerless to shape the final proposal.

The role of Al Kingon in the White House's blundering remains somewhat unclear. His letter suggests that he never felt he had the authority to temper Bowen's power grab. Was his lack of influence over Bowen due to his own unwillingness to exert the power of the White House? Was he under orders from his boss, Don Regan, not to interfere in Bowen's turf? Did he have the authority to monitor Bowen but was simply outmaneuvered by him and liberal Democrats on Capitol Hill?

Regardless of who was at fault, in the end the White House did seem reluctant to cross Bowen, was outmaneuvered by him, and was too eager to please the liberal Democrats on Capitol Hill. That responsibility falls on Don Regan's shoulders. Ultimately, however, the finger of blame must also point at President Reagan, who was too cavalier in his delegation of responsibility to people like Don Regan, who were not particularly suited for the job.

Meanwhile, the Bush Administration is expected to face an early harsh reaction to the surtaxes in the catastrophic bill, which go into effect in January. The elderly have been increasingly hostile to the steep tax that more than 40 percent of them will pay. This vocal segment of the elderly population has already begun a campaign to have the bill altered. None of this is stopping liberal Democrats from gearing up to push through long-term health care, which will likely come from general revenues and wreak havoc on any effort to bring down the deficit. Mr. Kingon can rest assured that if the catastrophic health care issue comes back to haunt anyone, it will likely be Congress.

Ledeon Watch

Michael A. Ledeon, in his November "Presswatch" column, wrote of Manucher Ghorbanifar: "Anyone who thought about human nature should have realized that taking the one person in the Iranian initiative who knew everything . . . and throwing him to the wolves would cause Ghorbanifar to take his revenge."

Mr. Ghorbanifar's revenge? In Mr. Ledeon's book, *Perilous Statecraft* (Scribner's), he vaguely suggests such a danger, but for the most part Mr. Ghorbanifar is all heart. Mr. Ledeon now appears to adopt the warning of the CIA's Charles Allen, recalled in testimony to Congress, that Mr. Ghorbanifar might take revenge if he were cut out of the deals he initiated.

Samuel Segev, a commentator for the Israeli daily *Ma'ariv*, explains Mr.

Ghorbanifar's revenge without ambiguity. He charges in *The Iranian Triangle* (The Free Press) that Mr. Ghorbanifar, dropped from negotiations in favor of Oliver North's team in August 1986, wrote to the Ayatollah Ali Montazeri revealing the trip to Tehran by Robert C. McFarlane's group. That caused the hapless Mehdi Hashemi to blow the whole business. Majlis Speaker Ali-Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, the target of the Montazeri forces, had Mr. Hashemi executed in September 1987, after a year of Iranian handball in Evin Prison.

Mr. Segev, who says he had access to Israeli classified reports, also writes that Mr. Ghorbanifar in 1980 joined and then betrayed a plot against the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini organized around the royal family and ex-Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar. The Ayatollah thereupon executed another thirty or so officers and pardoned Mr. Ghorbanifar his SAVAK past, Mr. Segev claims. Mr. Ledeon told me he could not confirm that story. We really need to know whether it is true or not.

Mr. Ledeon has also been steadfast in his defense of Mr. Ghorbanifar in the face of congressional inquisitors, and such personal loyalty is touching. But Mr. Ghorbanifar for two years preached that a ruined Iran would fall to the Soviets. If he exacted revenge by promoting Iran's destruction, the CIA was proved right. CIA executives and agents, including John McMahon, Clair George, and George Cave (who polygraphed him), all thought that Mr. Ghorbanifar was treacherous, and Mossad would not deal with him. He was, the CIA said, trying to become the ultimate insider and make zillions by using the CIA.

Whoever was right, it bothers that Mr. Ledeon, basking in the success of his book, hails and alibis Mr. Ghorbanifar without reservation while calling Col. North a liar and scorning Richard Secord and Albert Hakim as profiteers. They did the hard work and took the risks, while Mr. Ledeon, *persona non grata* to George Shultz, lucked out and was dropped from the project in November 1985.

If Mr. Ghorbanifar took revenge, he is hardly the underprivileged victim whose human nature needs understanding. Mr. Ledeon certainly took revenge for being cut out by John M. Poindexter. (Mr. Segev reports that Mr. McFarlane advised dropping Mr. Ledeon after Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin objected to dealing through an occasional messenger.)

While the above is a matter of interest, it was not enough to inspire this complaint. What did it was another subject in the same column. Mr. Ledeon proposes: "Send another medal to Max

Frankel for Honesty in Media" because the *New York Times* (after all these years) published a correction to a false news story.

Now, I realize that Mr. Frankel's newspaper had not yet reviewed Mr. Ledeen's book, but this flattery breaks a tacit compact with *TAS* readers.

I thought the deal was that brown-nosing the *Times* would be left to others more skilled at it, such as the execrable Columbia School of Journalism, the servile *Village Voice*, the Pulitzer committee, the American Newspaper Publishers Association, and other practiced sycophants.

Mr. Ledeen is sometimes brilliant, but he has a talent for blurring values. People he writes about end up appearing equivalent: President Reagan and Ayatollah Khomeini; Charles Manson and Mother Teresa; Max Frankel and H. L. Mencken; Manucher Ghorbanifar and Fawn Hall.

The Republic is desperate for media critics, our most prosperous ones being Bill Moyers and Hodding Carter III. With them standing guard, we have enough protectors of big media.

—Russ Braley
Rockville, Maryland

Michael Ledeen is surely right in blaming the media's publication of unsubstantiated allegations as a chief cause of what's wrong with the media today, as well as the engine driving the "New McCarthyism" [*TAS*, October 1988]. But he neither adequately diagnosed the cause of the rot, nor mentioned the simplest way to stop it.

Until 1964, rumor played a minor role in the respectable major media in this country, because the basic defense to a libel action was truth. Therefore, a reporter, or his counterpart, the TV producer, had to determine whether what his "sources" told him was true.

The Supreme Court relieved him of that burden in 1964 when it ruled in *New York Times v. Sullivan* that a public figure could not win a libel suit even though he proved the libelous statements false, provided the story was published "without malice." The court has defined an "absence of malice" as a reporter's good faith belief that his story was true.

In the last twenty-four years the courts and many legislatures have expanded the *Sullivan* rule so that it now effectively insulates the press from all responsibility, and enshrines rumor in its stead. The media have come to understand that so long as they have a "source," no matter what the credibility of that "source," they can publish what the "source" says with impunity. In short, the *Sullivan* rule has made rumor the fortress from which media irresponsibility rules.

Worst of all, the *Sullivan* rule under-

cut what I believe is the basic social policy justification for the law of libel. Libel law's basic purpose is to introduce accountability and responsibility into the press without requiring government intervention or regulation. It does this by vesting a private right to police the media in private hands. Prior to *Sullivan* the existence of this private right served as a deterrent to media recklessness, because the possibility of being sued forced most reporters and their publishers to take care that what they said was true.

No one is happy with the fruits of *Sullivan*. Members of the media complain about it because it opened their editorial processes to devastating discovery by defamed persons able to raise the money to mount a serious attack. Judges who have presided over major libel cases do not like it because of the cost and delay it has added to libel actions, and because it prevents the libel victim from recovering his reputation. Obviously libel victims don't like it, because they are ruined without recourse.

The problems *Sullivan* caused can be eliminated with a modest change in the procedural rules governing libel today. The Supreme Court should change the *Sullivan* rule to provide that the burden of proving "absence of malice" is on the publisher. Thus all a plaintiff would need to do is prove that a story is false. At that point, the publisher would have the burden of showing a jury that he published with a good faith belief that what he said was so.

This shift in the burden of proving a good faith belief in the truth of the story would inevitably require the media to demonstrate that they had a reasonable belief, on which they relied, that their "sources" were accurate. If the media had to shoulder this burden, I am sure you would find that they would begin to examine their "sources" far more carefully than they presently do.

—Dan Burt
Washington, D.C.

Michael Ledeen replies:

First, with regard to Mr. Braley, *Spectator* readers will be interested to learn that this outspoken soul was the reviewer of my book, *Perilous Statecraft*, for the *Washington Times*, but did not put a word of this criticism in the review. Whence cometh his current rage?

In any event, whatever the accuracy of Mr. Segev's book (and in our conversation, Braley agreed with me that much of it lacks verisimilitude), Mr. Braley might benefit from re-reading mine. I took great pains to stress that I do not consider Oliver North a liar, and I certainly did not "scorn" Secord and Hakim as profiteers. The issue of Ghorbanifar was not his moral qualities, but rather his utility in the context

of the Iran initiative. The questions that needed answers were: Was he a legitimate channel to the top men in Iran? Was the information he gave us an accurate portrayal of what the Iranian leaders were saying to him? The Mossad first, and the CIA later, believed that he was unreliable. Indeed the CIA, based on its polygraphic toys, felt that Ghorbanifar lied when he said that Iran controlled the American hostages in Lebanon, and that he could help get them out. Events have demonstrated that he told the truth on both counts, as events have demonstrated that he was correct in claiming there were powerful people in Iran who wanted to end the war, abandon the use of terror, and re-establish good relations with the West, particularly with the United States. Those people have in fact carried out those policies, normalizing relations with Britain, France, Canada, and even Kuwait.

It is astonishing that Braley contests my claim that the CIA made a mistake by "burning" Ghorbanifar; does he really think it made sense to take the one person who knew everything, make him angry, expose him to loss of money and risk of life, and then walk away from him at the crucial moment of the Iran initiative? If that's good policy, then suicide is good for your health.

I carefully left open the complicated question of Ghorbanifar's ultimate objectives, stressing that the American government was called upon to make a policy decision, not an evaluation of character. Less than a year after the CIA foolishly threw Ghorbanifar into the cold, he was the key intermediary in the normalization of relations between France and Iran. I regard this as a confirmation of my view (and that of several others involved in the early stages of the Iran initiative) that Ghorbanifar was a useful intermediary, and that we were right to work with him.

So much for Mr. Braley's Ghorbanifar problem. As for his lament that I commended the *New York Times* for correcting a false news story, his point seems to be that I am obliged only to attack, never to praise his pet peeve (he is the author of a book that is highly critical of the *Times*). After reviewing the terms of my relationship with the *Spectator*, I find that I am permitted a few words of praise each month. And I doubt that any regular reader of my column would accuse me of "brown-nosing" the *Times* (but I thank Russ Braley for reviving an expression I hadn't heard since my undergraduate days in California).

Lastly, I do resent the suggestion that I cannot distinguish between Manucher Ghorbanifar and Fawn Hall. I am neither blind nor bisexual. And I'm sure that both Manucher and Fawn re-

sent it, too. Calm down, Russ. And thanks for calling me "sometimes brilliant." I'll try harder.

With regard to Mr. Burt's thoughtful letter, I agree with his diagnosis, and I hope he's right in suggesting that such a "modest change" would suffice to re-introduce some semblance of accountability in publication. However, I doubt it; I don't think it matters who is asked to demonstrate absence of malice. The problem is with the requirement that "malice" or its absence be demonstrated.

What is "malice"? As I understand it, under *Sullivan* a plaintiff has to show that the journalist knew he was publishing something false, and did so in order to damage the plaintiff. That standard is virtually impossible to meet, because any journalist can always say, "I believed it." And that's the end of it.

What does Burt's change achieve? If I read him right, he wants the defendant to "show" that he thought it was true when he wrote (or published) it. That isn't very hard. All he has to do is say, "I believed it." So what's new?

No, it isn't that easy. What has to go is the standard of "malice" itself. The defendant's state of mind should not be at issue (it can't be ascertained with any sufficient degree of accuracy). The issue, as Dan Burt rightly puts it, is not "malice" but reasonableness: Did the journalist have good reason to believe that the story was true? If the story was false, damaging, and preposterous—in other words, if there wasn't good evidence for it—then the journalist should be punished.

That's the standard in the rest of the civilized world, and should be the standard here, as well.

Foreign News

It is not your policy to publish letters upon letters, but when a letter contains gross misinformation you may wish to make an exception. In your September issue, a letter from Neil Charles, a verjuiced expatriate, embarks on a diatribe against Mrs. Thatcher, claiming that she had less than 35 percent of the vote in the last election. In fact, the Tories' share was 43 percent. No party since the war has gained more than 47 percent of the vote (the exact vote of the so-called Labour landslide of 1945). Not since 1935 (Baldwin's government win) has a party gained the above 50 percent mark which he achieved.

—Audrey Parry
Surbiton, Surrey, UK

Please send me a sample copy.

I recently completed The Phoenix Seminar on The Psychology of Achievement, and your publication was on the recommended reading list.

—Name withheld
Quebec, Canada

CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times

A vigilant citizen of the feminist mafiosa sounds the tocsin to all the lovely-legged gals in danger of full disclosure:

To the Editor:

In following recent articles on pilot projects to instigate uniforms in the New York City public schools (news story, Oct. 7; Topics item, Oct. 10), I have been troubled by the lack of commentary on one aspect of the controversy that has been overlooked by the Mayor, the press and school administrators. Girls in pilot schools are being issued skirts or jumpers, and are not allowed the option to wear pants. I would like to remind those who would argue this practice as a necessary and economical expedient that the right of girls to wear pants in school was hard won, and had real meaning for the budding feminists who waged the struggle. . . .

Although styles and political climates have changed since the 70's, now nearly a generation of school-girls have been able to walk to school through snow in relative warmth, slide into home plate without skinned knees, and dangle upside down from monkeybars without the worry that boys are eyeing their underwear.

Women's rights have historically been won and lost in small increments. Perhaps our Mayor can come up with a creative solution to avert this small but significant backslide:

—Kathleen Condon
Brooklyn

[October 24, 1988]

New York Times

Leonard Bernstein, hysterical on the op-ed page of the venerable *Times* eight days before the people speak:

I have just returned from two months in Europe, where I followed the election news assiduously [sic]. I've been appalled at the passivity of the electorate, at the lack of even the most elementary principles of democratic thought and action, at the degeneration of our language, at the lulling, the brainwashing, the disinformation.

I found most Europeans equally appalled. I began to dream about this campaign obsessively. I would dream whole speeches every night and each morning I would jot down notes about them on subjects ranging from racism to the grand illusion of the peace-and-prosperity line put forth by the meretricious Bush campaign, to Boston Harbor, to the obsolete folly of war, to that newly naughty "L-word"—liberal. . . .

A liberal is a man or woman or child who looks forward to a better day, a more tranquil night and a brighter, infinite future. What can possibly be wrong with that? Only this: that the word has been debased, defamed and totally misused by powerful interests that have sought even greater and more authoritarian power.

[October 30, 1988]

Washington Post

Professor Haynes Johnson of the redoubtable *Post* removes his brain from the pickle jar where it has been fully immersed in the potions of wholesome thought for decades, and puts it to work:

We have seen a Republican presidential candidate, George Bush, run a shameful campaign of smears, lies and distortions that will cost him dearly in his ability to govern if he becomes the next president. In recent days, he has said repeatedly that he's only telling the "truth" about Dukakis and not deliberately and knowingly running a calculated campaign of misrepresentations of a kind seldom seen in American presidential elections. He is just presenting the "facts," among them that Dukakis is "soft on crime," that he's "weak on defense," that he incites "class conflict," that his economic approach resembles "socialism." Furthermore, and disclaimers to the contrary, Bush's campaign has appealed to fears and stirred racial prejudices, and I believe that he knows it.

[October 28, 1988]

Philadelphia Daily News

With the criminalization of public smoking assured, Reform continues to rage—now against Boy Scouts and red meat:

It may have been unintentional, but it was very appropriate to have the story, "Skinheads Knife 3 Near Allentown," opposite the story, "Scouts Beat, Killed Rabbits for Dinner."

Both stories conveyed violence perpetrated upon the innocent by young hoods.

Those who argue there is a difference between the skinheads' attack on three youths at a party and 75 boy scouts clubbing animals and slitting their throats, need only read Dr. Stephen R. Kellert's "Childhood Cruelty Toward Animals Among Criminals and Non-Criminals" to understand there is no difference.

According to Don Walker, organizer of the Sunday boy scout "event," people need the skills "to survive." Donny-boy has the warped sense that teaching kids ages 12-16 how to mutilate is educational. Donny-boy could shave his head and join the skinheads with that philosophy.

Under "supervision" of a Game Commission Official and 10 parents, these boy scouts were ethically and morally abused.

What happened in Perry County should be a warning to older Americans inclined to ask assistance of a boy scout when wanting to cross a street—Don't! Unless you're armed and prepared to fend off a paramilitary hood.

—Lou Peluso
Philadelphia

[October 25, 1988]

Santa Cruz Sentinel

An important educational experience at the University of California at Santa Cruz, as reported by an agog journalist from the local agnostic press:

SANTA CRUZ—It was a UCSC kind of afternoon.

The sun was still shining as the fog began to roll in off the bay, and more than 50 people were standing in a circle, holding hands and performing a "ritual of rebirth" to apologize to a hill for a building about to be forced upon it.

A poem had already been recited by a student apologizing to all the skunks, opossums, cows, deer and sunbathers who were destined to be inconvenienced by the new UC Santa Cruz Student Center.

A speech had already been made in praise of the center's planned Third World Lounge, where "people of color" will be able to "network."

All that was left was the ritual intended to cap off the official groundbreaking ceremony. . . .

Speaking through a microphone, Al-lucquer Stone, a graduate student in History of Consciousness, told the group that standing in a circle at such events was a tradition that went back thousands of years.

She asked everyone to think of himself as "being here. . . breathing. . . breathing our own energy. . ."

She suggested everyone breathe that energy "into the center of our bodies. . . down to our arms, forming a chain."

Once all were linked together with their own energy, Stone asked participants to ask themselves, "Why have I come? Why have you come? What did you bring with you?"

"See that thing clearly," Stone suggested. "See before you that ending, that sorrow, that pain."

Then she suggested everybody bury all negative thoughts in the ground that was being ritually rebirthed.

Chancellor Robert Stevens, red tie loosened and dangling, didn't have the look of a man carrying too many negative thoughts. Neither did some others. So Stone helped out by bringing up images of heretics, gays, scholars and scientists who have burned for their ideas.

Those were suggestions bound to work for an academic crowd.

[October 11, 1988]

Spy

The blunders that ensue when aficionados of TV culture go egghead—in a list of "celebrated feuds" the hapless "fact-checkers" of agelastic *Spy* magazine mistake Irving Kristol for Irving Howe and:

FEUDS AND MORE FEUDS:
IRVING KRISTOL VS. PHILIP ROTH
[November 1988]

Modesto Bee

Another idiot ponderosity from what all thinking Americans might well come to see as the Yellow Peril:

An emotional Yoko Ono flashed peace signs and blew kisses to about 1,000 fans of her late husband, former Beatle John Lennon, as he was posthumously honored Friday with a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame in Hollywood. The crowd stood behind barricades outside the round Capitol Records building on Vine Street in Hollywood as the Beatles song "Strawberry Fields Forever" played on speakers. "John would have loved it," Ono said at the news conference. "L.A. is a special city for him. We had very beautiful times here. We had two anniversaries here. He went through primal therapy here. This is where he met Elvis. . . ."

[October 21, 1988]

Hippocrates

To the hypochondriacs in the audience of this New Age journal, a communiqué from another of those New Age Puritans who are such menaces to copulation:

Having raised four children who have a healthy interest in sex, I too became concerned about whether they were using condoms ["The AIDS File," July/August reported that only 8 percent of sexually active teenage boys use them]. I found that young people are *still* embarrassed to buy them. Therefore, we now keep a basket of condoms on the bathroom counter. This is "One Mom's Crusade Against AIDS."

—Geneva A. Tullis
Noti, Ore.

[September/October 1988]

Santa Barbara News-Press

Mildred of Santa Barbara posits yet another explanation for the Democrats' defeat, an explanation certain to be employed by liberal pundits once they get wind of it:

Kitty, you blew it in Santa Barbara County when you smoked in our public building on your first visit. You broke our law. You fouled the air and had no concern for the health of the people showing you our town.

Your speech about your husband's concern for our environment fell flat as you continue to smoke against his wishes. We want a team in the White House. Most women do everything to help elect their husbands. A woman who fouls the air, breaks our local law, and has no concern for people's health has no right to be our first lady.

In films we always know who is the bum, the "bad guy," the streetwalker and the bar fly, as they will be smoking; the heroine, the lady, will not have a cigarette dangling from her mouth. We want our first lady to be a lady.

—Mildred E. Stensaas
Santa Barbara

[October 23, 1988]

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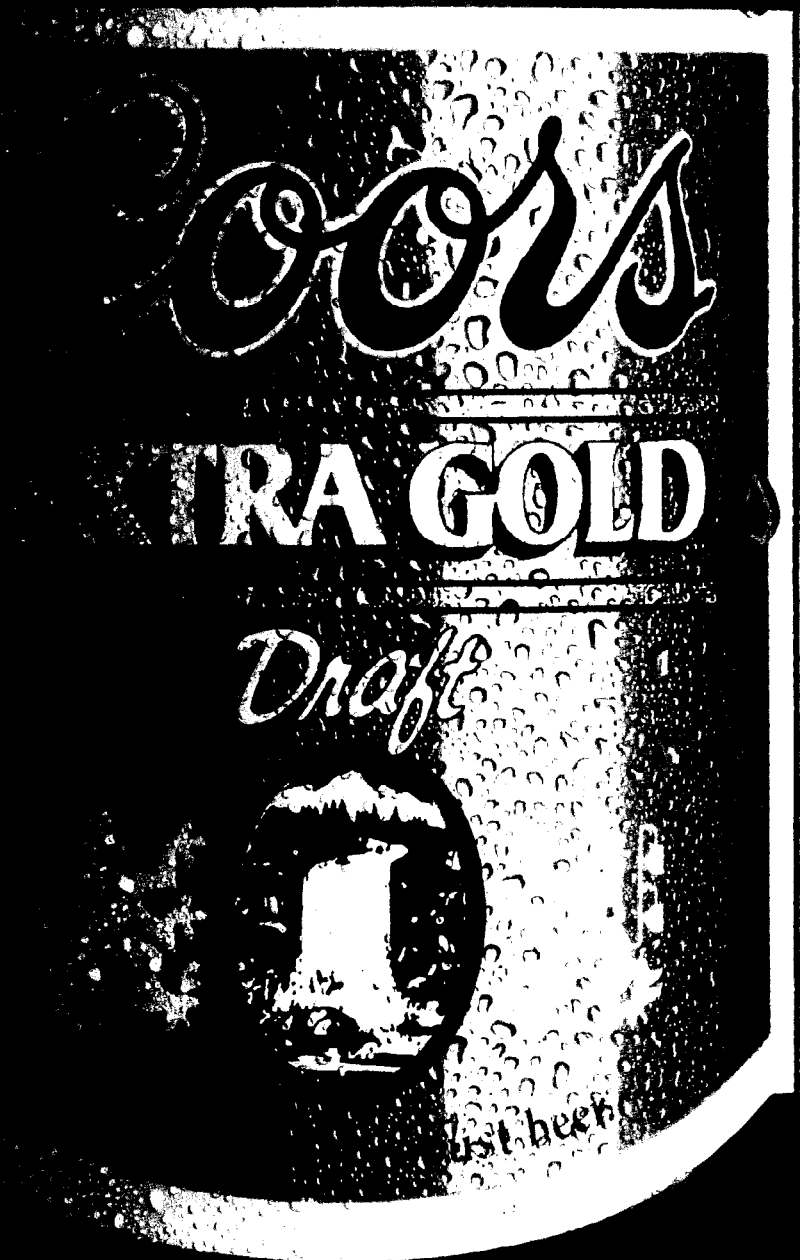
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